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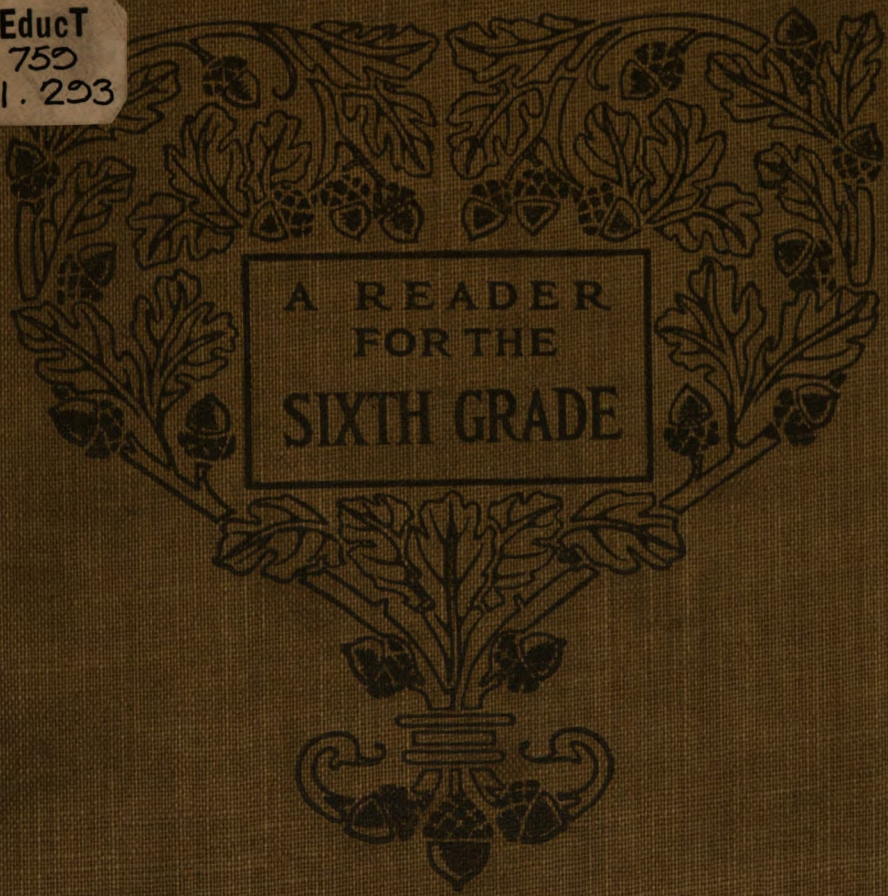

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A READER
FOR THE
SIXTH GRADE

BY

CLARENCE F. CARROLL

FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

AND

SARAH C. BROOKS

FORMERLY PRINCIPAL OF THE TEACHERS' TRAINING SCHOOL, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

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PREFACE

It may safely be assumed that children in the sixth and seventh years in school are ready to enter upon a more serious study of the best literature. The earlier Readers of this series contain many selections from the familiar classics of all ages. In the upper Readers the average pupil may now enjoy a greater variety of readings from standard authors, representative of wider fields of the world's culture.

It should not be forgotten, however, that in any company of children in the elementary schools, there are few who have sufficient intelligence or maturity to study standard literature, as such, continuously and exclusively. It has been the aim of the authors, therefore, to present selections having informational and story interest as well as literary value. Combining as they do, then, interesting subject matter with distinction of style, these books will be found of great stimulative use in forming the taste of the pupils and in leading them, by attractive means, to the appreciation of the best in literature.

These two Readers are reasonably well supplied with descriptive, scientific, and personal as well as purely imaginative selections. Biography, history, nature, and art have been carefully chosen so as to correlate with the average school curriculum.

The authors duly appreciate the limitations of school readers. At best, they can present only fragments from a boundless world. Yet, they have endeavored to make the choice of those fragments representative of the great interests of mankind; and also to present selections of a type qualified to stimulate the best ethical and moral sense of the pupils.

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THE AUTHORS.

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A READER FOR THE SIXTH GRADE

LITTLE JARVIS

PART I

Although little Jarvis was always laughing and joking and cutting up, and getting punished—which last he seemed to enjoy as much as anything else—he had his troubles. The fact is, he was consumed with envy. He was the only midshipman on board who had never smelt powder; and as the United States was then at war with France, and the *Constellation* had already done glorious things, this was a heavy load for Jarvis to carry.

He was thinking of that as he sat up aloft whence he had been sent in punishment for one of his pranks.

Down in the wardroom that night the lieutenant suddenly remembered little Jarvis.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "I sent the little scamp aloft about five o'clock and forgot all about him!" The lieutenant was a kind-hearted fellow, and he hurried up on deck, feeling remorseful for all the long hours that little Jarvis had been aloft.

The night had fallen, and with it had come that vast

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loneliness which only the ocean knows. Little Jarvis for once got a little down-hearted and forgot to whistle. It was quite dark, and the moon had not risen, although the stars were kindled in the blue-black sky. The ship was cutting fast through the water, the breeze was fresh, and as a gust occasionally struck the great main-sail, it flapped loudly, with a weird, reverberating sound.

And besides being dark and dismal on little Jarvis' perch, it was cold and very lonesome. Jarvis began to think what a jolly time the other fellows were having down in the steerage, where it was warm and light, and it was getting to be supper-time, too.

Presently, though, as Jarvis looked about, he saw in the half darkness, a long way off, a mere speck. It might be a sail. Jarvis, who had the sharpest eyes on board, concluded to watch that speck, and meanwhile try to keep his mind off his supper, of which there was at present a very slim prospect.

The lieutenant, presently, hurrying along the deck, heard a sweet boyish voice far up aloft singing:

"Strike eight bells, call the watch,
Relieve the wheel and chain:
Won't we have a jolly time
When we get home again?"

The "home again" had a little pathetic sound. Jarvis' song wasn't as merry as usual; it was sad, and chimed in with the time—night upon the ocean.

"Poor little chap!" thought the lieutenant, and calling out very loud, "Jarvis!" got a cheery "All right, sir," as if the boy had not been swinging up there

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for hours and hours in the darkness, and seeing the night descend upon the sea.

It seemed scarcely a moment before Jarvis had landed on deck. He went up to the lieutenant eagerly.

"If you please, sir," he said, saluting, "there's a sail off the port-quarter. I tried to call out, but nobody heard me—and I believe it's a big frigate."

At that moment the lookout on the quarter sang out, "Sail, ho!"

The officers came running up from below. A sail might mean a French ship-of-war. None of them could make out anything but a shadow, like the ghost of a ship, moving on the dim horizon; but Jarvis stuck to it stoutly that it was a frigate; and sure enough, within an hour, when the silver moon rose in the heavens and flooded the sea with its white radiance, the stranger was near enough for her portholes to be counted. She was the *Vengeance,* one of the great fifty-four-gun frigates of the French navy.

Oh, what joy there was among the brave fellows on the *Constellation!* What a trouncing they meant to give the *Vengeance!* And it would be no child's play either, but a fair and square fight, for the French were not easily beaten at the guns and fought like good men and true; and this suited the *Constellation's* men exactly.

And then began a chase in which the *Constellation,* standing up beautifully under a cloud of canvas, went bounding over the sea after the flying frigate.

While they were still chasing the French ship, and it was yet an hour before they could get within fight-

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ing distance, the lieutenant, who was Jarvis' friend, found him sitting in the gangway, with a piece of paper on his knee and a pencil in his hands.

But Jarvis wasn't writing—he was leaning his head on his hands, and the lieutenant suspected that Jarvis was crying.

"What! my man!" he said, kindly, for the boy was so young that the prospect of going into battle might well be terrifying to him.

Little Jarvis raised his head, and made no pretense of concealing the fact that he had been crying.

"I was thinking, sir," he said, trying to steady his voice and wiping his eyes on his jacket-sleeve, "that, that, maybe I'd never see my mother again, and I'd better write her a letter; and then, when a fellow gets to thinking about his mother——"

Jarvis stopped short.

"That's all right," said the lieutenant, cheerily. "But you won't think about that when the music begins that we are going to make the Frenchmen dance to. And, my lad, don't—don't let your fears get the upper hand."

"Fears!" answered little Jarvis, in a surprised voice, and opening his round eyes very wide indeed; for it had never dawned upon him that anybody could think he was scared, "I'm not afraid, sir!"

The lieutenant looked at Jarvis and smiled, the boy's surprise was so genuine, and the idea of fear was so novel to him; and he smiled more than ever when Jarvis, giving his cap a particularly fierce and warlike cock, continued in a tone of savage determination:

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"And I'm not going to ask for quarter either, sir, not if I see ten Frenchmen coming at me at once when we board them—because it says in the regulations, 'If an officer ask for quarter, he shall suffer death'; and that is not the way I want to die!"

The lieutenant, still smiling, raised his cap and shook little Jarvis' hand.

"I don't think you will die that way," he said.

But then, seeing that they were gaining fast on the *Vengeance,* Captain Truxtun called his officers around him and made a short speech before they took their stations.

Now, Jarvis had known all the time, of course, that his station was in the maintop; but although whenever they went to quarters he found himself aloft, he had always cherished a wild dream that at the actual time of battle he would be able to be on deck, cutting down French officers with his midshipman's dirk, or sparing their lives, perhaps, while taking their swords. If Jarvis had not been an officer and a gentleman and if boohooing at the moment of going into action had not been decidedly unbecoming, he would certainly have cried right out at the doleful idea that he wasn't to be in the thick of the fight.

And, to make it worse, he heard Captain Truxtun, who was careful of his younger officers, say something to Jack Bell, who was a very steady, reliable old man-of-war's-man, about keeping an eye on Mr. Jarvis; and Brookfield, who had a splendid station, grinned at Jarvis, and, thrusting out his tongue in a very exasperating manner, remarked that Jarvis would be taken for

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a fly on the mast. When Jarvis, looking very sulky and disappointed, passed the lieutenant, his face was so dismal that the lieutenant patted him on the back to comfort him, and said, kindly:

"Never mind, Mr. Jarvis, you won't miss the fun."

"Yes, I will," answered little Jarvis, almost crying. "I can't do any fighting, and I can't join the boarders. The captain thinks, because I'm such a little fellow, I can't fight, and it's hard, that it is!"

For the first time in his life little Jarvis went aloft very slowly and unwillingly. The men were already in the top, and there was Jack Bell, who was to take care of him as if he were a baby; and this was almost more than poor little Jarvis could stand.

But just before midnight, when the moon shone brilliantly, seeing the *Constellation* was right upon her, the *Vengeance* sullenly hove to and hoisted her ensign. Then the *Constellation* hove to as well, and on both ships the drums beat to quarters at the same moment.

On board the *Constellation* the sailors went to their guns dancing, and every gun captain turned a handspring over his gun for good luck. The ship was cleared for action, her decks sanded to prevent their becoming slippery with blood, her battle-lanterns lighted, and Captain Truxtun, standing in the lee-gangway, spoke the *Vengeance* and demanded her surrender to the United States.

wardroom: room occupied as a messroom by the commissioned officers of a war vessel.—**steerage**: the space in the after part of the ship in which the midshipmen had their quarters.—**port-quarter**: over the stern at the left.—**frigate**: old-time sailing war vessel.—**Vengeance**: vŏn-zhŏns'.

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LITTLE JARVIS

PART II

A fresh breeze was blowing, and the sea was as light as day. The *Constellation* was now close upon the *Vengeance,* and the French ship opened the ball with her heavy stern and quarter-guns.

The American gunners, with lighted matches, awaited the order to fire, which seemed long in coming. But Captain Truxtun, paying no more attention to the terrific cannonade than if it had been birdshot, deliberately ranged up within half a pistol-shot of the *Vengeance*, and, taking up a position on her weather quarter, suddenly burst upon her with the fire of eighteen guns at once.

When the first broadside struck the *Vengeance* it was like the shock of an earthquake. The whole side of the *Constellation* seemed a mass of flame, and the American gunners loaded and fired so fast that the people on the *Vengeance* thought the *Constellation* was afire.

The Frenchman answered back, directing his fire toward the spars and rigging of the *Constellation.* Little Jarvis, hanging on to the top, had a queer sensation when the first round-shot passed close to him; but Jack Bell made him laugh by saying, gravely:

"Those Frenchmen aren't particular where they put their shot. If that one had been in the hull now, 'twould have done some good."

But presently it began to get lively up there. The

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smoke was so thick that nothing could be seen on deck except the constant deadly flash of the guns as they were rapidly fired. Up on his perch Jarvis could hear the frightful thunder of the guns; the hoarse orders of the officers; the fierce cheering of the men, as every shot struck the Frenchman's hull; the sudden, wild shriek of a wounded man; and the cries of the Frenchmen, who fought their ship bravely and skillfully, but who found, as others did later, that there was no standing up against the matchless gunnery of the Americans.

"I always said that little reefer didn't have any more dodge in him than the mainmast," said Jack Bell to the men in the top, watching little Jarvis, who couldn't do any fighting, but who was cheering as loud as anybody and waving his dirk frantically.

"Give it to her, men!" bawled Jarvis, entirely forgetting that there was no more chance of his chirp being heard than of a sea-gull's cry in the roar of battle. "Let her have it! Hooray, hooray!"

For three long hours of the moonlit night the battle raged. One by one the guns of the *Vengeance* were being silenced, her decks were running with blood, and she rolled a helpless hulk in the trough of the sea. But the brave Frenchmen gave no sign of surrender, and apparently were determined to go down with their ship.

Three times had her ensign been shot away, and twice had a young French sailor sprung aloft, braving the fire of the American sharpshooters, to lash another tricolor to the mast; for there were no ropes left on which to run up a flag.

As he went up the first time with the flag wrapped

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round his neck, the sulphurous smoke was drifted off in a sudden gust of wind; and Jarvis, with all the men in the top, saw him plainly in the bright moon-

light. Jack Bell raised his musket to fire at him, but Jarvis quickly laid his hand upon the sailor's arm.

"Don't, Bell! he's such a brave fellow," he said.

"It would be a pity to kill that chap now," said Jack, nevertheless keeping his musket at his shoulder. "He'll be a sailor sure enough one of these days, when he's grown up, if I let him be."

The young sailor, who saw Jack Bell deliberately taking aim at him, took off his cap and waved it defiantly before he lashed the flag to the mast, amid wild cheering from his comrades on the *Vengeance*. But when he saw Jarvis' gesture, and that Jack Bell did

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not fire, he lifted his cap, and bowed and smiled. Jarvis was delighted, and lifted his cap, too.

"My, oh my!" said Jack Bell, shaking his head solemnly, "maybe we're not a-fightin' for our lives and our countries. Maybe we're at a dancing-school, where we learn manners and such."

The second time the ensign was shot away the young sailor climbed up again to replace it. This time he waved the flag at Jarvis, and Jarvis took off his cap and waved it round and round a dozen times in response. The third time the flag disappeared, there was no one to replace it. The young sailor lay dead on the deck of the *Vengeance,* and so many of her men were killed and wounded that there were scarcely enough left to work those of her guns that were not disabled.

But the Frenchmen stood gallantly to their ship, the officers encouraging the men by word and by example; and an instant later a double shot came crashing through the *Constellation's* rigging and struck the mainmast. A shout went up from below as the mast tottered, and the men rushed aloft to secure it. But it was too late. As the tall mast swayed frightfully, Jack Bell turned to little Jarvis and said, coolly:

"Mr. Jarvis, she's a-going!"

It was now three o'clock in the morning. The moon was going down and there was a kind of ghostly half-light, through which Jarvis' face could be seen.

"We can hold on awhile yet, can't we, Bell?" asked Jarvis, with a coolness equal to the veteran sailor's.

"No, sir," said Jack Bell, shaking his head. They

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were now being tossed fearfully about, and the awful crackling of the mast, to which they clung desperately, had begun. "And it's no shame for a man to leave his post when he can't stay there any longer, Mr. Jarvis."

"Not for a man—but I'm—I'm—an officer—and an officer must die at his post."

Jarvis jerked the words out above the frightful crashing and swaying of the mast, the furious uproar of the fight. With a steady eye and a smile on his handsome, boyish face, he looked down below; but the black and drifting smoke was so thick he could not see the captain. The men, at that ominous breaking and swaying, without waiting for orders, were climbing down, catching at anything in their way.

"Jump!" cried Jack Bell, preparing to leap. His face was white and desperate, and his harsh voice was imploring. But little Jarvis did not move an inch. There was a strange light upon his face, and a manly and heroic calmness had taken the place of his boyish excitement.

"No," he said, "I cannot leave my station; if the mast goes, I must go with it."

Then a terrible cry went up from below. The wind had cleared the heavy smoke away for a moment, and those on deck saw the great mainmast, after the grinding sound of breaking, reel like a drunken man and topple over with a crash that made every timber in the *Constellation* tremble. The men in the top had managed to save themselves by leaping and hanging on the shrouds and rigging. But little Jarvis came down with the mast.

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The captain ran to him, and lifted the boy's head upon his knee—but he was quite dead, wearing still on his young face the brave smile with which he had faced death when glory beckoned him upward. By this time Jack Bell came running, wiping the blood from his face and head. He stood close to the captain's elbow, and half sobbed, half shouted:

"He could have saved himself, sir. I told him she was a-going—but he said, as he was an officer, he couldn't leave his post. He did his duty like a man, sir—and he was the bravest little chap I ever saw!"

—Mollie Elliott Seawell (*Abridged*).

on the weather quarter: near the stern of the boat on the side from which the wind is blowing.—**tri'color**: the French national banner of three colors—blue, white and red.

THE WONDERFUL TAR BABY

"Didn't the Fox ever catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy one evening.

"He came mighty nigh it, honey," said the old man, "Sure's you're born—Brer Fox did. One day Brer Fox went to work and got him some tar, and mixed it with some turpentine, and fixed up a thing he called a Tar Baby. And he took this Tar Baby, and he set her in the big road, and then he lay off in the bushes to see what the news was going to be.

"And he didn't have to wait long, either; because by and by here came Brer Rabbit pacing down the road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—just as saucy as a jaybird.

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"Brer Fox lay low.

"Brer Rabbit came prancing along till he spied the Tar Baby, and then he stopped short, upon his hind legs, as if he were astonished.

"The Tar Baby, she sat there, she did; and Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Morning!' said Brer Rabbit, said he—'nice weather this morning,' said he.

"Tar Baby said nothing; and Brer Fox lay low.

"'How do your symptoms seem?' said Brer Rabbit, said he.

"Brer Fox winked his eye slowly, and lay low.

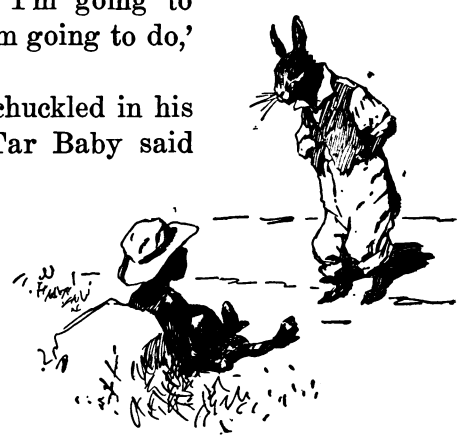
"And the Tar Baby said nothing.

"'How are you coming on, then? Are you deaf?' said Brer Rabbit, said he. ''Cause if you is, I can holler louder,' said he.

"Tar Baby stayed still; and Brer Fox lay low.

"'You're stuck up, that's what you are,' said Brer Rabbit, said he; 'and I'm going to cure you, that's what I'm going to do,' said he.

"Brer Fox sort of chuckled in his stomach, he did, but Tar Baby said nothing.



"'I'm going to teach you how to talk to respectable folks, if it's my last act,' said Brer Rabbit, said he. 'If you don't take off that hat and tell me

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Howdy, I'm going to burst you wide open,' said he.

"Tar Baby stayed still; and Brer Fox lay low.

"Brer Rabbit kept on asking and the Tar Baby kept on saying nothing, till presently Brer Rabbit

drew back with his fist, he did, and blip! he struck her on the side of the head. Right there's where he broke his molasses jug, as folks say. His fist stuck, and he couldn't pull loose. The tar held him.

"But Tar Baby stayed still; and Brer Fox lay low.

"'If you don't let me loose, I'll knock you again,' said Brer Rabbit, said he; and with that he gave her a blow with the other hand, and that stuck.

"Tar Baby said nothing; and Brer Fox lay low.

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"'Turn me loose, before I kick the stuffing out of you,' said Brer Rabbit, said he.

"But the Tar Baby, she said nothing. She just held on, and then Brer Rabbit lost the use of his feet in the same way.

"Brer Fox lay low.

"Then Brer Rabbit squalled out that if the Tar Baby doesn't turn him loose he'll butt her. And then he butted, and his head stuck.

"Then Brer Fox sauntered forth, looking just as innocent as one of your mamma's mocking-birds.

"'Howdy, Brer Rabbit,' said Brer Fox, said he. 'You look sort of stuck up this morning,' said he; and then he rolled on the ground and laughed and laughed till he couldn't laugh any more.

"'I suspect you'll take dinner with me this time, Brer Rabbit. I'm not going to take any excuse,' said Brer Fox, said he."

Here Uncle Remus paused and drew a two-pound potato out of the ashes.

"Did the Fox eat the Rabbit?" asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"That's as far as the tale goes," replied the old man. "He might, and then again he mightn't. Some say Judge Bear come along and loosed him—some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally calling. You'd better run along."

—Joel Chandler Harris (*Adapted*).

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THE VALLEY

Round the beautiful valley,
Towering aloft to the sky,
Stand the mountains like giants,
Grim and rocky and high.

Over the beautiful valley,
Clouds in summer go
Like ships on a quiet ocean,
Sailing steady and slow.

Into the beautiful valley
The winter night came down
On forest silent and leafless,
On mountain gloomy and brown.

And lo, in the early morning,
Dim with the struggling light
The beautiful valley was folded
In a mantle of spotless white.

No print of wandering footsteps,
No stain on its whiteness lay;
And the leafless trees of the forest
Were fairer than orchards in May.

—ANONYMOUS.

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CEYLON, THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Honolulu is called the "Paradise of the Pacific," but the Cingalese claim their island of Ceylon to have been the real Garden of Eden. Their highest mountain is called Adam's Peak, and they will show you a huge footprint in the stone on the mountain side which they say is Adam's footprint; while across the narrow sea between India and Ceylon is a line of submarine rocks called Adam's Bridge. It would have been a very beautiful Garden of Eden, for there are marvelous tropical plants and luscious fruits in such abundance that all the natives have to do is to go out of their door and pick their breakfast or dinner from the trees.

Ceylon is just off the southern end of India and is very near the equator; so the weather is always warm, and the natives do not need many clothes. Without clothes or food to work for, they become very lazy—and who does not like to be lazy on a hot summer's day? If all our days were like theirs I am afraid we should be lazy, too.

It was New Year's day when we landed in Colombo, and warmer than our warmest summer days at home. The sun beats down with such fierce heat that foreigners have to take great care to avoid having a sunstroke. Therefore, our first expedition on landing was to the hatter's, where we all bought pith helmets which were light and cool and kept the sun from beating down on our heads. Then we felt ready for anything.

Our hotel looked over the sea, with a line of palms

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and fresh green grass between, and on the other side was a long veranda, overlooking the road, where every day jugglers and snake charmers came to show off their tricks. Alice and Charlotte liked best to see the mango tree grow. The juggler would sit cross-legged in front of us and pat down a little mound of earth, then he would plant a seed in it, cover it with a large cotton cloth, and say words that may have been Cingalese. But I believe they were really magic, for soon we would see the cloth begin to move, and in a few minutes he would take off the cloth, and there before our eyes, coming out of the earth where we had seen him plant the mango seed, would be a dear little mango tree about six inches high, and as fresh and green and flourishing as a mango tree should be.

While the mango tree was growing for the girls, Fred's eyes would generally wander to a basket by the juggler's side, the lid of which would rise every once in a while, and a cobra would stick out his head. If he could get out far enough he would raise his head and spread his hood, while his little tongue shot back and forth quickly. Sometimes he would be taken out of the basket and allowed to fight with a mongoose. But we never saw them fight to a finish, for if they did the mongoose would always kill the cobra, so the juggler comes to the cobra's aid before it is too late. Kipling's "Jungle Book" tells the story of how Rikki-Tikki-Tavi, the mongoose, saved the life of his little master by killing a cobra which was lying in wait for him. The little mongoose really is of great service in

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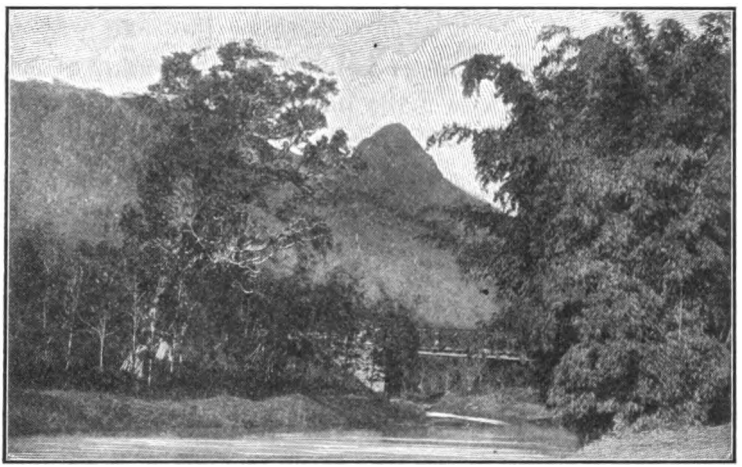
helping to destroy the cobras, which kill thousands of men and women every year.

Charlotte's father let her have the juggler teach her some of his tricks, and one especially, putting an egg



ADAM'S PEAK, CEYLON.

into a bag, and making it disappear, she learned to do very well. She would have to tell you how she did it. And later, when we saw other jugglers in India doing the same trick, they were greatly surprised to have her take their bag and egg and do the trick right after them.

Every morning, in Colombo, we were awakened by the crows, which were very tame and flew right in at the window and helped themselves to the toast and tea which were brought to our room before we were up. Some would dare to take it from our fingers, but that was being a little too bold for most of them.

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One morning Charlotte and I had a good laugh at a big, black, saucy fellow who came in at the window, flew over to the wash-stand and took a drink out of the pitcher. The water looked and tasted so cool and refreshing that he decided to have a bath, and gave himself a splendid ducking, sending the water flying in all directions. Then he sat on the edge of the pitcher and began to make his toilet, smoothing down his feathers, and shaking himself dry. Suddenly he seemed to become aware of our two pairs of eyes fastened on him, for with a quick look toward us he was out of the window and away; and we never knew whether he dared to come back again or not.

The Cingalese are short, slender people, with small hands and feet. The men wear their hair long and twisted into a knot at the back of their heads with a tortoise-shell comb to keep it in place. The dress of both men and women of the lower classes consists of a long strip of cotton cloth wound round and round their waists, so they look very much alike.

One of the chief occupations of the people of Colombo is the sale of gems: rubies, emeralds, and sapphires—some of them real, and some of them such good imitations that people are often badly cheated. The principal business street is crowded with little shops filled with jewels, and the owners come out and swarm about you in the street, begging you to come in and buy. When you do go in, and they display their precious stones, you begin to believe that the fairy stories are true about the places under the sea where the palaces are built of coral, studded with precious

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stones, and where the leaves of the trees are of emeralds, with berries of rubies and sapphires, and that those men know the secret of reaching that enchanted land and of coming back laden with treasure.

—CHARLOTTE CHAFFEE GIBSON.

cō'bra: a very poisonous hooded snake that inhabits India.—**mon'goose**: a small animal that inhabits India, and is noted for killing cobras.

MAGGIE TULLIVER'S MISTAKE

"Go and speak to your aunts and uncles, my dears," said Mrs. Tulliver, looking anxious. She wanted to whisper to Maggie a command to go and have her hair brushed.

"Well, and how do you do? And I hope you're good children; are you?" said aunt Glegg, as she took their hands, hurting them with her large rings, and kissing their cheeks much against their desire. "Look up, Tom, look up. Boys that go to boarding-schools should hold their heads up. Look at me now." Tom declined that pleasure apparently, for he tried to draw his hand away. "Put your hair behind your ears, Maggie, and keep your frock on your shoulder."

"Well, my dears," said aunt Pullet, "you grow wonderfully fast. I doubt they'll outgrow their strength," she added, looking over their heads at their mother. "I think the gell has too much hair. I'd have it thinned and cut shorter, sister: it isn't good for her health. It's that that makes her skin so brown. Don't you think so, sister Deane?"

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"I can't say, I'm sure, sister," said Mrs. Deane, shutting her lips close again, and looking at Maggie with a critical eye.

"No, no," said Mr. Tulliver, "the child's healthy enough—there's nothing ails her. There's red wheat as well as white, for that matter, and some like the dark grain best. But it would be as well if Bessy would have the child's hair cut, so that it would lie smooth."

"Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her, and whispering in her ear, "go out and get your hair brushed—do, for shame. I told you not to come in without going to Martha first; you know I did."

"Tom, come out with me," whispered Maggie, pulling his sleeve as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough.

"Come up-stairs with me, Tom," she whispered, when they were outside the door. "There's something I want to do before dinner."

"There's no time to play at anything before dinner," said Tom.

"Oh yes, there is time for this—do come, Tom."

Tom followed Maggie up-stairs into her mother's room, and saw her go at once to a drawer, from which she took out a large pair of scissors.

"What are they for, Maggie?" said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened.

Maggie answered by seizing her front locks and cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

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"Oh, my buttons, Maggie, you'll catch it!" exclaimed Tom; "you'd better not cut any more off."

Snip! went the great scissors again while Tom was speaking; and he couldn't help feeling it was rather good fun: Maggie would look so queer.

"Here, Tom, cut it behind for me," said Maggie, excited by her own daring, and anxious to finish the deed.

"You'll catch it, you know," said Tom, nodding his head and hesitating a little as he took the scissors.

"Never mind, make haste!" said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot. Her cheeks were quite flushed.

The black locks were so thick—nothing could be as tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden pleasure of cutting the pony's mane. One delicious grinding snip, and then another and another, and the hinder-locks fell heavily on the floor, and Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

"Oh, Maggie," said Tom, jumping round her, and slapping his knees as he laughed, "oh, my buttons, what a queer thing you look! Look at yourself in the glass."

Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action. She didn't want her hair to look pretty, that

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was out of the question, she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl, and not to find fault with her. The affair had quite a new aspect. She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale, and her lips to tremble a little.

"Oh, Maggie, you'll have to go down to dinner directly," said Tom. "Oh my!"

"Don't laugh at me, Tom," said Maggie in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears, stamping, and giving him a push.

"Now, then, spitfire!" said Tom. "What did you cut it off for, then? I shall go down: I can smell the dinner going on."

He hurried down stairs. Maggie could see clearly enough, now the thing was done, that it was very foolish, and that she should have to hear and think more about her hair than ever; for if Tom had laughed at her, of course every one else would; and if she had only let her hair alone, she could have sat with Tom and Lucy and had the apricot-pudding and the custard!

"Miss Maggie, you're to come down this minute," said Kezia, entering the room hurriedly. "My! What have you been doing? I never saw such a fright!"

"Don't, Kezia," said Maggie, angrily. "Go away!"

"But I tell you, you're to come down, Miss, this minute: your mother says so," said Kezia, going up to Maggie and taking her by the hand to raise her from the floor.

"Get away, Kezia; I don't want any dinner," said Maggie, resisting Kezia's arm. "I shan't come."

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"Oh, well, I can't stay. I've got to wait at dinner," said Kezia, going out again.

"Maggie, you little silly," said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes after, "why don't you come and have your dinner? There's lots o' goodies, and mother says you're to come. What are you crying for, you little spoony?"

Oh, it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned; if he had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried too. And there was the dinner, so nice; and she was so hungry. It was very bitter.

But Tom was not altogether hard. He was not inclined to cry, and did not feel that Maggie's grief spoiled his prospect of the sweets; but he went and put his head near her, and said in a lower, comforting tone—

"Won't you come, then, Magsie? Shall I bring you a bit o' pudding when I've had mine? . . . and a custard and things?"

"Ye-e-es," said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little more tolerable.

"Very well," said Tom, going away. But he turned again at the door and said, "But you'd better come, you know. There's the dessert—nuts, you know—and cowslip wine."

Slowly she rose from amongst her scattered locks, and slowly she made her way downstairs. Then she stood leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-parlor door, peeping in when it was ajar. She saw Tom and Lucy with an empty chair between them, and there were the custards on the side-table—

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it was too much. She slipped in and went towards the empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented, and wished herself back again.

Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and felt such a "turn" that she dropt the large gravy-spoon into the dish with the most serious results to the tablecloth. For Kezia had not betrayed the reason for Maggie's refusal to come down, not liking to give her mistress a shock in the moment of carving, and Mrs. Tulliver thought there was nothing worse in question than a fit of perverseness, which was inflicting its own punishment by depriving Maggie of half her dinner.

Mrs. Tulliver's scream made all eyes turn towards the same point as her own, and Maggie's cheeks and ears began to burn, while uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old gentleman, said—

"Heyday! what little gell's this—why, I don't know her. Is it some little gell you've picked up in the road, Kezia?"

"Why, she's gone and cut her hair herself," said Mr. Tulliver in an undertone to Mr. Deane, laughing with much enjoyment. "Did you ever know such a girl as it is?"

"Fie, for shame!" said aunt Glegg, in her loudest, severest tone of reproof. "Little gells who cut their own hair should be whipped and fed on bread and water—not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles."

"Ay, ay," said uncle Glegg, meaning to give a playful turn to this, "she must be sent to jail, I think, and

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they'll cut the rest of her hair off there, and make it all even."

"She's more like a gypsy than ever," said aunt Pullet, in a pitying tone; "it's very bad luck, sister, that the gell should be so brown—the boy's fair enough. I doubt it'll stand in her way in life to be so brown."

"She's a naughty child, that'll break her mother's heart," said Mrs. Tulliver, with the tears in her eyes.

"Come, come, my girl," said her father, soothingly, putting his arm round her, "never mind; give over crying: father'll take your part."

Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father "took her part"; she kept them in her heart, and thought of them long years after.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

SOLOMON AND THE BEES

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came—
(So in the Talmud you may read the story)—
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty King.

Besides, the Queen had heard (which piqued her most)
How through the deepest riddles he could spy;
How all the curious arts that women boast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;
And so the Queen had come—a royal guest—
To put the sage's cunning to the test.

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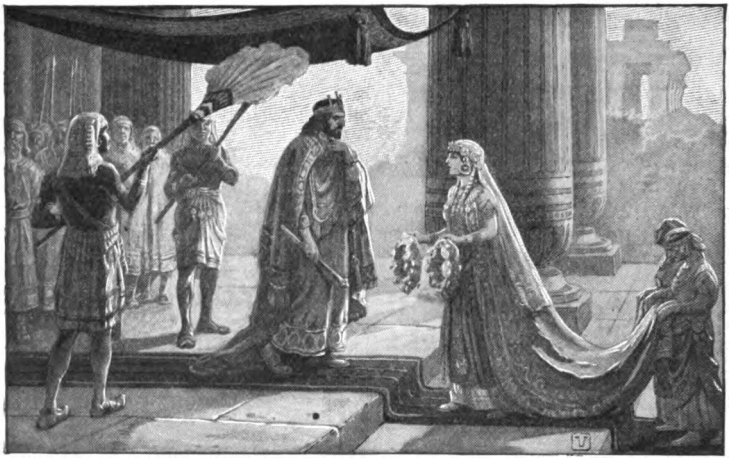

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;
The one bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.

"Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head;
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the King;
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learnèd Liege, with such a trivial thing!"

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But still the sage was silent; it was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement—so the story goes—
A little band of busy bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the King's command;
Within the rooms the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
And so the King and all the courtiers knew
That wreath was Nature's; and the baffled Queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

—JOHN G. SAXE (*Abridged*).

Tal'mud: the books containing the old Jewish laws.—**piqued** (pēkt) irritated.—**Liege**: lord or master.—**triv'ial**: small, unimportant.—**dex'ter**: right.—**baffled**: defeated.

THE BURNING OF WASHINGTON

The following letter was written by Dorothy Madison, the wife of President Madison, at the time of our second war with England.

TUESDAY, August 23, 1814.

DEAR SISTER,—

My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had the courage and firmness to remain in the President's house until his return on the morrow, or succeeding

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day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him, and the success of our army, he left, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the Cabinet papers, public and private. I have since received two dispatches from him, written in pencil. The last is alarming, because he desires that I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city. He reports that the enemy seems stronger than had at first been reported, and it might happen that they would reach the city with the intention of destroying it. I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, so that he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him.

Disaffection stalks around us. My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C., who, with his hundred, was stationed as a guard in this inclosure. French John (a faithful servant), with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder, which would blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

WEDNESDAY, TWELVE O'CLOCK.—Since sunrise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction, and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but,

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alas! I can descry only groups of military, wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirit, to fight for their own fireside.

THREE O'CLOCK.—Will you believe it, my sister? we have had a battle or skirmish, near Bladensburg, and here I am still, within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect us! Two messengers, covered with dust, came to bid me fly; but here I mean to wait for him. . . . . At this late hour a wagon has been procured, and I have had it filled with plate and the most valuable portable articles belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the "Bank of Maryland," or fall into the hands of British soldiery, events must determine.

Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and is in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvas taken out. It is done! and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York, for safe-keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell!

DOLLY.

All the afternoon, parties of straggling soldiers, on their way to Georgetown, with vagrant negroes, pil-

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fered in many directions, in spite of the efforts of faithful servants. Mad with disappointment at the escape of the President and his wife, "whom they wanted to capture and show in England," the enemy broke open the doors of the White House, and ransacked it from cellar to attic, finding nothing of value, in the way of trophies, except a small bundle of pencil notes received by Mrs. Madison from her husband when he was with the troops, and which she had rolled together, and left in her table drawer.

To everything else in the house, furniture, wines, provisions, and family stores of all kinds, which had cost Mr. Madison twelve thousand dollars, together with an excellent library, the torch was applied. Fire for the purpose was procured at a small beer-house opposite the Treasury, and common soldiers, together with negroes, and thieves of all grades, did what they could to pillage and destroy.

The White House was not so large and complete as it is now. The east-room, which had served Mrs. Adams for a drying room, was bare and unfurnished; the whole house was plain, unfinished, and totally destitute of ornament; the front vestibule had not then been added, and the grounds were uninclosed and entirely uncultivated.

An English narrator states that "the most tremendous hurricane ever remembered by the inhabitants broke over Washington the day after the conflagration. Roofs of houses were torn off and carried up into the air like sheets of paper, while the rain which accompanied it was like the rushing of a mighty cata-

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ract rather than the dropping of a shower. This lasted for two hours without intermission, during which time many of the houses spared by us were blown down and thirty of our men, with as many more of the inhabitants, were buried beneath the ruins. Two cannon standing upon a bit of rising ground were fairly lifted into the air and carried several yards to the rear."

Toward midnight a courier, breathless from fatigue and excitement, warned the President that the enemy had discovered a clue to his hiding-place, and were even then on their way thither. Yielding to the entreaties of his wife and friends, he sought refuge in a miserable little hovel in the woods, where the boughs moaned in the tall trees; here he spent the remainder of the night, expecting at any moment to hear the tread of the British soldiers as they passed, or perhaps halted and searched for the coveted prisoner.

Mrs. Madison had promised to disguise herself and seek safety farther on; so, attended only by Mr. Duvall and one soldier, she started out at the first dawn of day, leaving her carriage to her companions and taking a small wagon. Before they had gone very far, however, the news reached them that Washington was evacuated; and joyfully retracing their steps, after a weary ride they reached the Long Bridge, only to find it burned at both ends.

Forgetting her disguise she appealed to an officer standing by to take her across the river in the one remaining boat, but was curtly refused, he not daring, as he said, "to let an unknown woman into the

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city." No alternative was left but to explain who she was, and after some doubt on his part the frail little craft landed them safely on the other side. There she found her former home in ruins, and the smoke still rising from the heaps of blackened timber that greeted her on every side; the streets were as deserted and quiet as the forests through which she had just passed, and sick at heart she turned away, and in a strange carriage drove to the house of her sister, Mrs. Cutts, to await the return of Mr. Madison.

The memory of the burning of Washington cannot be obliterated. It can never be thought of by an American, and ought not to be thought of by an enlightened Englishman, except with shame and mortification. History cannot record it as a trophy of war for a great nation. The metropolis at that time had the aspect of a straggling village, with here and there a handsome building, and with a scattered population of not more than eight thousand inhabitants; fortresses there were none, and but few mounted cannon.

Late in the day, the news reached the President in his hovel that the enemy had retreated to their ships, and he, too, turned his steps toward the city and rejoined his wife.

—*From "Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison."*

plate: vessels made of silver or gold.—**disaffection**: dislike, unfriendliness.—**vā'grant**: wandering.—**pil'fered**: stole small articles.—**evac'uated**: deserted by the soldiers.—**ăl'ter'native**: choice between two things.—**oblit'erated**: wiped out.

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THE STORY OF BOB

WE called him Bob. We never knew his real name. That had been left in the jungles of Borneo. He was born in 1890, a prince of a tribe of monkeys which inhabits the palm forests of the South Sea Islands. Stolen from his parents by a South Sea trader, he was brought to San Francisco, and found his way at last to a Kearny Street curiosity shop.

Not long after, a student saw him there, ransomed him by a subscription gathered from his fellow-students, and Bob was transferred to a new home in the university beside the tall tree. Here he was placed in the custody of a young naturalist from Japan. Otaki being likewise Asiatic by birth, understood the wants and feelings of Bob better than did any of the others by whom he was surrounded.

We first knew Bob as a wild and suspicious creature, who looked at all who came near him with fear or hatred. If any person touched him, Bob would look him straight in the eyes, with scowling face and lips rolled back, every muscle tense for action in case of injury or indignity. Whenever he was lifted from the ground, all these expressions would be intensified; but he never ventured to bite any one who seemed beyond

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his size, or to escape from any one he thought able to hold him.

Toward women he showed from the first great aversion, for they had poked him in the ribs with their parasols while he was in prison in Kearny Street. Furthermore, he seemed seriously to disapprove the strange freedom allowed to women in our country. In such matters, our manners and customs are very different from those which prevail in the monkey tribes of Borneo.

After a time, under protest, he let one young woman lead him about by his chain, and refrained from open enmity; but he never gave her either trust or affection. Children he held in utter abhorrence, for it was their delight to ridicule him and to vex his dignity with sticks and clods of earth. When any of them came near him he would jump at them, hissing and scolding, and often only the strength of his chain saved them from injury.

Of snakes, large or small, Bob has always stood in terror. If he is held firmly and the snake is placed near him, he looks piteously into the face of his keeper; and sometimes, more in sorrow than in anger, he will

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bite if he is not let go. At one time a snake in a paper bag was shown him. When the paper bag was afterward left near him, he would slyly approach and open it, to peep a moment shiveringly into its depths, and then retreat, only to approach for another peep when he had summoned sufficient courage.

A live salamander was placed on the table by his side. This he looked at with a great deal of interest, finally taking it in his hands, with many precautions. When he saw how inert it was, he laid it down and lost all interest in it.

Toward a flat skin of a coyote and one of a wildcat, used as parlor rugs, Bob showed the same fear as in the presence of the snake. If one brought them near him he would jump wildly about or cower in terror behind a chair. This instinctive fear is apparently an inheritance from the experience of his fathers, whose kingdom was in the land where tigers and snakes were dominant and dangerous. A similar skin without hair and eyes he cared nothing for. At one time he climbed on the back of a chair to get away from the coyote skin. The chair was overturned by his efforts. He saw at once that when the chair fell it would carry him backward to the coyote, so he let go of the chair and, seizing his chain, swung himself off out of the reach of the coyote, while the chair was allowed to go over. This was repeated afterward with the same result.

Bob grew very expert in the use of this chain, which he came at last to regard as a necessary part of his surroundings. In climbing chairs or trees he always

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took it into consideration. He never learned to untie knots in it, but would cleverly straighten it whenever it became tangled or kinked. Sometimes he would break fastenings, escaping to the top of the house, clanking his chain as he went. It was not easy to catch him then, for he delighted in freedom. At such times he would manage the chain most skillfully, going back to set it free if it caught on any projection. When very hungry, however, he would come down to the ground or sit patiently outside the kitchen window, waiting to be coaxed and caught. At one time after we had been entreating him for an hour, he came down from the house in a rage to scare away some boys who were mocking him from below, and who fled in terror at his approach.

When loose in the tall grass, Bob would walk on his hinder limbs, holding his head high, and looking about for birds, in whom he seemed to take much interest. For some reason their calls attracted him. His hands meanwhile were held with drooping wrists. Toward most animals and toward persons he could not frighten he usually affected perfect indifference, often not deigning to grant them even a glance.

Toward horses and cows, and to other animals "big and unpleasant" to him, he held a great dislike. When Willy, the saddle horse, came near him, Bob would crouch like an angry cat, erecting his hair, humping his back, and scolding vigorously. When in his judgment he was safely out of Willy's reach, he would advance boldly and scold loudly. When he thought Willy too near, he became as small and inconspicuous as pos-

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sible, to avoid the horse's notice. At one time he was placed on Willy's back, where he went into spasms of fear. When taken into the house, he grew bolder, and climbing on the back of a chair, he chattered about his adventures with many gestures to his friend Otaki, who understood it all.

To the big dog Rover he also had strong objections. Rover looked down on Bob with tolerant contempt, as a disagreeable being, not to be shaken like a rat because possibly human. But when Bob would strike him in the face with the flat of his hand, Rover would snap at him, barking indignantly; but he never caught him, and Bob was careful to keep out of his reach. His discretion could be counted on to get the better of his courage.

With the little terrier, Dandy, Bob's relations were often friendly, although there was very little mutual trust. At one time Dandy was deep in the ivy in search of a rat, while Bob had also entered the ivy by another opening for other reasons. They met in the dark in a rat-hole through the ivy leaves, and a sharp conflict ensued, marked by much scolding on the one part and pulling of hair and barking on the other. When Dandy had dragged Bob to the light, both were very much surprised, and they parted with mutual apologies and much shamefacedness.

One day a big saucy blue-jay saw Bob, and, after the fashion of his kind, fluttered up to him and showed his contempt by screaming "Ja-a-ay!" under Bob's nose. Bob reached out one hand softly, caught the bird by his tail, and then pulled out, one by one, all

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his gay feathers. When the bird was naked Bob went to work and soberly ate him, and the other blue-jays never screamed "Ja-a-ay" at him after that.

Being offered a glass of milk, Bob looked at it for a moment, then took the glass in both hands and drank from it. His mouth being small, much of the milk was spilled on the floor. Being then offered a glass partly full, he handled it more cleverly, seeming to understand how to use it. When offered a pewter cup with a handle, he took it in both hands and drank as from the glass, but, noticing the handle, he set the cup down and raised it again properly. Then he drank from it as a child of any other race would have done.

He soon learned to drink water from bottles. If a bottle were large, he would use one of his hands to hold it, guiding it to his mouth by his hinder legs. At the first trial he understood the purpose of the cork, which he would draw with his teeth. Then he would look down into the neck of the bottle to see if the water were really there and no deception practiced on him. He also usually shook the bottle before drinking, apparently a custom in Borneo. Once a bottle of carbonated mineral water was given him. He drew the cork, much surprised at the explosion, and the character of the water caused him equal surprise; still he drained the bottle and was apparently pleased with it. A bottle of claret being offered him, he drank eagerly and became much exhilarated, but at the same time much confused. After this he always declined claret, putting the bottle away with a gesture of disapproval.

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Being left alone in a student's room, he experimented on the bottles there. He drew the cork from bottles of ink and of bay rum; not relishing the contents of either, he poured both into the wash basin.

When he was offered an empty eggshell, he raised it up and looked into the crack from which the contents had been taken. Then he would use his fingers to pull the shell apart, licking the inside, but apparently disgusted with the small amount of food it contained.

Being shown his reflection in the mirror, he advanced toward it scowling, but soon detecting the sham, he lost all interest in it. A hand glass was given him, but he paid very little attention to his reflection in it, laying it down and turning to other things.

At one time a brood of chickens became motherless because a coyote from the mountains had invaded their home. One little white chicken came into Bob's hutch and Bob treated it with great kindness. As the chicken grew larger, it always left the roost at night and curled itself up on the blanket in Bob's arms. When he fed in the morning, if the chicken were in his way or ven-

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tured to touch his food, he would take it in both hands and lay it softly to one side with the greatest seriousness of demeanor.

—David Starr Jordan.

cus'tody: care, keeping.—**naturalist**: a student of natural history, especially the natural history of animals.—**Otaki**: o-tä' kē.—**aver'sion**: dislike.—**abhor'rence**: extreme hatred.—**sal'amander**: an animal that resembles a lizard.—**inert'**: dull, lifeless.—**coyote** (kī-o' tē): a wild animal of the dog family.—**deigning** (dān' ing): condescending, stooping.—**inconspic'uous**: not noticeable.—**tol'erant**: mild, not severe.—**discrĕ'tion**: prudence.—**exhil'arated**: made merry.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—John Keats.

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THE LITTLE HARLEQUIN

The following story is supposed to be told in the diary of a little Italian schoolboy.

MONDAY, 20th.

The whole city is in a tumult over the Carnival, which is nearing its close. In every square rise booths of acrobats and jesters; and we have under our windows a circus-tent, in which a little Venetian company, with five horses, is giving a show.

The circus is in the centre of the square; and in one corner there are three very large vans in which the acrobats sleep and dress themselves—three small houses on wheels, with their tiny windows, and a chimney in each of them, which smokes continually; and between window and window the baby's clothes are stretched. There is one woman who is nursing a child, who prepares the food, and dances on the tight-rope. Poor people!

The word acrobat is spoken as though it were an insult; but they earn their living honestly, nevertheless, by amusing all the world—and how they work! All day long they run back and forth between the circus-tent and the vans, in tights, in all this cold; they snatch a mouthful or two in haste, standing, between two performances; and sometimes, when they get their tent full, a wind arises, wrenches away the ropes and extinguishes the lights, and then good-by to the show! They are obliged to return the money, and to work the entire night at repairing their booth.

There are two lads who work; and my father recog-

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nized the smallest one as he was crossing the square; and he is the son of the proprietor, the same one whom we saw perform tricks on horseback last year in a circus. And he has grown; he must be eight years old: he is a handsome boy, with a round and roguish face, with so many black curls that they escape from his pointed cap. He is dressed up like a harlequin, decked out in a sort of sack, with sleeves of white, embroidered with black, and his slippers are of cloth.

He is a merry little imp. He charms every one. He does everything. We see him early in the morning, wrapped in a shawl, carrying milk to his wooden house; then he goes to get the horses at the boarding-stable. He holds the tiny baby in his arms; he carries hoops, trestles, rails, ropes; he cleans the vans, lights the fire, and in his leisure moments he always hangs about his mother. My father is always watching him from the window, and does nothing but talk about him and his parents, who seem to be nice people, and fond of their children.

One evening we went to the circus: it was cold; there was hardly any one there; but the little harlequin exerted himself greatly to cheer those few people: he executed precarious leaps; he caught hold of the horses' tails; he walked with his legs in the air, all alone; he sang, always with a smile constantly on his handsome little brown face. And his father, who had on a red vest and white trousers, with tall boots, and a whip in his hand, watched him: but it was melancholy.

My father took pity on him, and spoke of him on the following day to Delis the painter, who came to see

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us. These poor people were killing themselves with hard work, and their affairs were going so badly! The little boy pleased him so much! What could be done for them? The painter had an idea.

"Write a fine article for the Gazette," he said: "You know how to write well: relate the wonderful things which the little harlequin does, and I will make his portrait for you. Everybody reads the Gazette, and people will flock thither for once."

And thus they did. My father wrote a fine article, full of jests, which told all that we had observed from the window, and inspired a desire to see and caress the little artist; and the painter sketched a little portrait which was graceful and a good likeness, and it was published on Saturday evening.

And behold! at the next performance a great crowd rushed to the circus. The announcement was made: "Performance for the Benefit of the Little Harlequin," as he was styled in the Gazette. The circus was crammed; many of the spectators held the Gazette in their hands, and showed it to the little harlequin, who laughed and ran from one to another, perfectly delighted. The proprietor was delighted also. Just fancy! Not a single newspaper had ever done him such an honor, and the money-box was filled.

My father sat beside me. Among the spectators we found persons of our acquaintance. Near the entrance for the horses stood the teacher of gymnastics, and opposite us, in the second row, was the little mason, with his little round face, seated beside his gigantic father; and no sooner did he catch sight of me than he made

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a hare's face at me. A little further on I espied Garoffi, who was counting the spectators, and calculating on his fingers how much money the company had taken in. On one of the chairs in the first row, not far from us, there was also poor Robetti, the boy who saved the child from the omnibus, with his crutches between his knees, pressed close to the side of his father, the artillery captain, who kept one hand on his shoulder.

The performance began. The little harlequin accomplished wonders on his horse, on the trapeze, on the tight-rope; and every time he jumped down, every one clapped his hands, and many pulled the boy's curls. Then several others, rope-dancers, jugglers, and riders, clad in tights, and sparkling with silver, went through their exercises; but when the boy was not performing, the audience seemed to grow weary.

At a certain point I saw the teacher of gymnastics, who held his post at the entrance for the horses, whisper in the ear of the proprietor of the circus, and the latter instantly glanced around, as though in search of some one. His glance rested on us. My father perceived it, and understood that the teacher had revealed that he was the author of the article, and in order to escape being thanked, he hastily retreated, saying to me:

"Remain, Enrico; I will wait outside for you."

After exchanging a few words with his father, the little harlequin went through still another trick: erect upon a galloping horse, he appeared in four characters —as a pilgrim, a sailor, a soldier, and an acrobat; and

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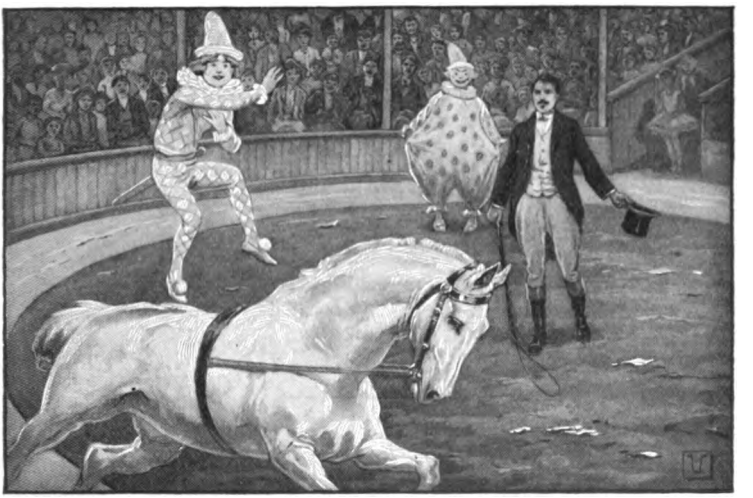
every time that he passed me, he looked at me. And when he dismounted, he began to make the tour of the circus, with his harlequin's cap in his hand, and everybody threw soldi or sugar-plums into it. I had two soldi ready; but when he got in front of me, instead of



offering his cap, he drew it back, gave me a look and passed on. I was mortified. Why had he offered me that affront?

The performance came to an end; the proprietor thanked the audience; and all the people rose also, and thronged to the doors. I was confused by the crowd, and was on the point of going out, when I felt a touch on my hand. I turned round: it was the little harlequin, with his tiny brown face and his black curls, who was smiling at me; he had his hands full of sugar-plums. Then I understood.

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"Will you accept these sugar-plums from the little harlequin?" said he to me, in his dialect.

I nodded, and took three or four.

"Then," he added, "please accept a kiss also."

"Give me two," I answered; and held up my face to him. He rubbed off his floury face with his hand, put his arm round my neck, and planted two kisses on my cheek, saying:

"There! take one of them to your father."

—EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

Car'nival: a festival that is celebrated with great merriment in some countries during the week before Lent.—**har'lequin**: a clown who plays tricks, often without speaking, to amuse the audience.—**preca'rious**: dangerous.—**sŏl'dĭ**: small Italian coins, worth about one cent each.—**affront'**: an act of disrespect, or discourtesy.

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

pulse: food like beans or peas.

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TOM AND THE OTTER

ONE day Tom had a new adventure. He was sitting on a water-lily leaf, he and his friend the dragonfly, watching the gnats dance. The dragonfly had eaten as many as he wanted, and was sitting quite still and sleepy, for the day was hot and bright. The gnats danced over his head, and a large black fly settled within an inch of his nose, and began washing his own face and combing his hair with his paws. But the dragonfly never stirred, and kept on chatting to Tom about the times when he lived under the water. Suddenly Tom heard the strangest noise up the stream; cooing and grunting and whining and squealing as if you had put into a bag two doves, nine mice, ten guinea pigs, and a blind puppy, and left them there to settle themselves and make music.

He looked up the water, and there saw a sight as strange as the noise. It was a great ball rolling over and over down the stream. One moment it seemed to be of soft brown fur, and the next of shining glass. And yet it was not a ball; for sometimes it broke up and streamed away in pieces, and then it joined again; and all the while the noise came out of it louder and louder.

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Tom asked the dragonfly what it could be, but of course, with his short sight, he could not even see it, though it was not ten yards away. So he took the neatest little header into the water, and started off to see for himself. When he came near, the ball turned out to be four or five beautiful creatures many times larger than Tom, who were swimming about, rolling, diving, and twisting in the most alarming fashion that ever was seen. If you don't believe me you may go to the Zoölogical Gardens, and then say if otters at play in the water are not the merriest creatures you ever saw.

But when the biggest of them saw Tom, she darted out from the rest and cried, "Quick, children, here is something to eat!" and came at poor Tom, showing a wicked pair of eyes and a set of sharp teeth in a grinning mouth. Tom slipped in among the water-lily roots as fast as he could go, and then turned around and made faces at her.

"Come out," said the wicked old otter, "or it will be the worse for you."

But Tom looked at her from between two thick roots, and shook them with all his might.

"Come away, children," said the otter, "it is not worth eating, after all. It is only a nasty little eft, which nothing eats, not even those pike in the pond."

"I am not an eft," said Tom, "efts have tails."

"You are an eft," said the otter, "I see your two hands quite plain, and I know you have a tail."

"I tell you I have not," said Tom. "Look here!"

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and he turned himself around, and, sure enough, he had no more tail than you.

"I say you are an eft," said she, "and therefore you are not fit for gentlefolk like me and my children. You may stay here till the salmon eat you."

"What are salmon?" asked Tom.

"Fish, you eft, great fish, nice fish to eat. They are the lords of the fish, and we are lords of the salmon. We hunt them up and down the pools, and drive them up into a corner, the silly things. They are proud, and bully the little trout and the minnows till they see us coming. Then they are meek all at once. We catch them, but we don't eat them all. We just bite out their soft throats and suck their sweet juice, and then away, and go and catch another. They are coming soon, children, coming soon. I can smell the rain coming up off the sea; and then hurrah for a fresh salmon, and plenty of eating all day long!"

"Where do they come from?" asked Tom.

"Out of the sea, eft, the great wide sea, where they might stay and be safe if they liked. But out of the sea the silly things come, into the great river down below, and we come up to watch for them. When they go down again, we go down and follow them. Then we fish for the bass and the pollock, and have jolly days along the shore. We toss and roll in the breakers, and sleep snug in the warm dry crags."

She then sailed solemnly away down the stream and Tom saw her no more for that time; but he could not help thinking of what she had said about the great river and the broad sea. As he thought, he longed to

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go and see them. He could not tell why, but the more he thought, the more he grew discontented with the narrow little stream in which he lived. He wanted to get out into the wide, wide world and enjoy all the wonderful sights of which he was sure it was full.

Once he set off to go down the stream. But the stream was very low, and when he came to the shallows he could not keep under the water, for there was no water left to keep under. The sun burned his back and made him sick; and he went back again and lay quiet in the pool for a whole week more.

And then, on the evening of a very hot day, he saw a sight.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Zoölogical (zō-ō-lŏj′ĭ-kal) **Gardens**: park where all kinds of animals are kept.—**eft**: a kind of lizard.

TOM AND THE SALMON

He had been very stupid all day, and so had the trout; for they would not move an inch to take a fly, though there were thousands on the water. They lay dozing at the bottom under the shade of the stones. Tom lay dozing too, and was glad to cuddle their smooth cool sides, for the water was quite warm and unpleasant.

But toward evening it grew suddenly dark, and Tom looked up and saw a blanket of black clouds lying across the valley above his head, resting on the crags, right and left. He felt not quite frightened, but

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very still. There was not a whisper of wind, nor a chirp of bird to be heard. Next, a few drops of rain fell plop into the water, and one hit Tom on the nose, and made him pop his head down quickly enough.

Then the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed from cloud to cloud, and from cliff to cliff till the very rocks in the stream seemed to shake. Tom looked up at it through the water, and thought it the finest thing he ever saw in his life.

But out of the water he dared not put his head; for the rain came down in bucketfuls, and the hail hammered like shot on the stream, and churned it into foam. Soon the stream rose, and rushed down higher and higher, full of beetles and sticks and straws and worms and leeches and odds and ends enough to fill nine museums.

Tom could hardly stand against the stream, and hid behind a rock. The trout rushed out from among the stones and began gobbling the beetles and leeches in the most greedy and quarrelsome way.

And then the otter came by with all her brood, twining and sweeping along. She spied Tom as she came by, and said:

"Now is your time, eft, if you want to see the world. We shall have salmon for breakfast to-morrow. Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

"Down to the sea?" said Tom; "everything is going to the sea, and I will go too. Good-bye, trout." But the trout were so busy gobbling worms that they never turned to answer him.

And now down the rushing stream he swam, away

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and away to the sea. When daylight came, Tom found himself out in the salmon river. He thought nothing about what the river was like. All his fancy was to get down to the wide, wide sea.

After a while he came to a place where the river spread out into broad, still, shallow reaches, so wide that little Tom, as he put his head out of the water, could hardly see across. He went back a little way and crept into a crack of the rock, and watched for some one to tell him his way.

There he waited, and slept, too, for he was tired with his night's journey. When he awoke the stream had cleared to a beautiful amber, though it was still quite high. And after a while he saw a sight which made him jump up; for he knew in a moment it was one of the things which he had come to look for.

Such a fish! It was ten times as big as the biggest trout, and a hundred times as big as Tom. It sculled up the stream past him, as easily as Tom had sculled down.

Such a fish! Shining silver from head to tail, with here and there a crimson dot. It had a grand hooked nose and a grand curling lip, and a grand bright eye. He looked round him as proudly as a king, surveying the water right and left as if it belonged to him. Surely he must be the salmon, the king of all the fish.

Tom was so frightened that he longed to creep into a hole; but he need not have been, for salmon are all true gentlemen. Like true gentlemen, they look noble and proud enough, and yet, like true gentlemen, they never harm or quarrel with any one, but go

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about their business, and leave rude fellows to themselves.

The salmon looked Tom full in the face, and then went on with a swish or two of his tail that made the stream boil again. In a few minutes came another, and then four or five, and so on, all rushing and plunging up the cataract with strong strokes of their silver tails. Now and then they would leap clean out of the water, and up over a rock, shining gloriously for a moment in the sun. Tom was so delighted that he could have watched them all day long.

At last one came up that was bigger than all the rest; but he came slowly, and stopped, and looked back and seemed very anxious and busy. Tom saw that he was helping another handsome salmon that had not a single spot upon it, but was clothed in pure silver from head to tail.

"My dear," said the great fish to his companion, "you look very tired, and you must not exert yourself too much at first. Do rest yourself behind this rock," and he shoved her gently with his nose to the rock where Tom sat.

You must know that this was the salmon's wife. For salmon, like other true gentlemen, choose their lady, and love her, and are true to her, and take care of her, and work for her as a true gentleman ought.

Then he saw Tom, and looked at him fiercely for a moment as if he were going to bite him.

"What do you want here?" he asked.

"Oh, don't hurt me," cried Tom. "I only want to look at you; you are so handsome."

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"Ah!" said the salmon, "I really beg your pardon. I see what you are, my little dear. I have met one or two creatures like you before, and found them very agreeable and well-behaved. Indeed, one of them showed me a great kindness lately, which I hope to be able to repay. I hope we shall not be in your way here. As soon as this lady is rested, we shall go on our way." What a well-bred old salmon he was!

"So you have seen things like me before?" asked Tom.

"Several times, my dear." Indeed, it was only last night that one at the river's mouth came and warned me and my wife of some new stake-nets which had got into the stream since last winter, and showed me the way round them."

"So there are babies in the sea!" cried Tom, and clapped his little hands. "Then I shall have some one to play with there. How delightful!"

"Were there no babies up this stream?" asked the lady salmon.

"No! and I grew very lonely. I thought I saw three last night; but they were gone in an instant, down to the sea. So I went, too; for I had nothing to play with but caddises and dragonflies and trout."

"Ugh!" cried the lady, "what low company!"

"My dear, if he has been in low company, he has certainly not learned their low manners," said the salmon.

"No indeed, poor little dear; but how sad for him to live among such people as caddises and dragonflies and trout! Caddises have six legs, the nasty

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things; and dragonflies are not even good to eat. I tried them once, and they are all hard and empty. As for the trout, every one knows what they are." Then both salmon curled up their lips and looked very proud and scornful.

"Why do you dislike the trout?" asked Tom.

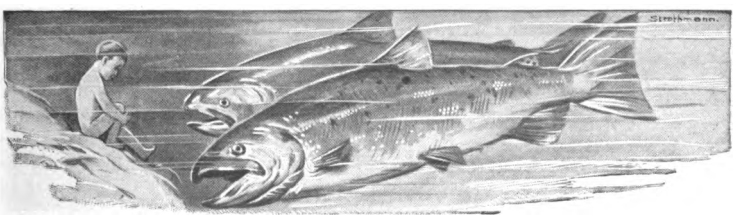
"My dear, we do not even mention them if we can help it; for I am sorry to say they are relations of ours that do us no credit. A great many years ago they were just like us; but they were so lazy and cowardly and greedy, that instead of going down to the sea every year to see the world and grow strong and fat, they chose to stay here and poke about in the little streams and eat worms and grubs. They are punished for it, too; for they have grown ugly and brown and spotted and small. They are actually so degraded in their tastes that they will eat our children."

"And then they pretend to scrape acquaintance with us again," said the lady.

So the salmon went up, after Tom had warned them of the wicked otter; and Tom went down, but slowly and cautiously, coasting along the shore.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

cad'dises: larvæ of the caddis fly; they live in cylindrical cases.



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DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

chan'ticleer: a cock, so called from the clearness or loudness of his voice in crowing.—**clar'ion**: a kind of trumpet whose note is clear and shrill.

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THE RING OF FORTITUDE

PART I

When Priscilla had been a very good girl her mother allowed her as a special treat to play with her jewel-case. Of course Priscilla had to be very careful, which, indeed, she was by nature, having for the most part a place for everything, and everything in its place. She used to sit on the floor with the jewel-case before her, and take the rings and brooches and pendants and necklaces and bracelets and pins out one by one, and hold them up to the light and make them flash, and then put them on. There were diamonds and pearls, and a large opal in which you saw deep down in its milky depths little glints of burning crimson and dancing green. But of all the jewels Priscilla liked best a turquoise ring, which her mother had ceased to wear. Priscilla would very much have liked this ring for her own; but her mother did not wish little girls to wear rings at all, except—but that is what I am going to tell you.

One day, soon after Priscilla was eleven, she had a bad toothache. It grew no better as the time went on, although she rubbed the tooth with medicine which her mother sent for; and afterwards she held a clove in her mouth, according to the advice of a woman who happened to be working in the house that day; and then lay down with a piece of brown paper against her cheek, soaked in vinegar and then peppered, according to the advice of the cook; and later sat close to the fire with the heat on the toothache

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side, according to the advice of the housemaid; and finally sponged her cheek with almost boiling water, according to the advice of the nurse. Nothing did the tooth any good. It ached most of the night, and the next morning poor Priscilla, with very red eyes, was led away to the dentist's by her nurse.

Of course directly she found herself on the terrible doorstep waiting for the horrible door to open, her toothache went away absolutely; but none the less she had to go into the waiting-room, and look at old magazines for a long time until the dentist was ready, while new people came in and sat down with a sigh, including one old gentleman with his left cheek like the glass of a bull's eye lantern; and then Priscilla's turn came and she went upstairs, and for half an hour the dentist tortured her.

It was a tooth which, he said, must be saved and not extracted, and so he got out his little needles and his little looking-glass, and was exceedingly cruel—although by nature one of the kindest men living, who would not willingly hurt a fly except for its own good—as in the case of Priscilla. And when the half-hour was finished he had only just begun, and he told her to come again in four days' time and he would try to finish it.

"Will it hurt again, then?" Priscilla asked.

"I'm afraid it will," said the dentist.

Poor Priscilla! The tooth went on steadily grumbling with pain, and Priscilla's nerves were all upset, so that, although she was naturally brave, she could think of nothing but the next dreadful time, and

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as it drew nearer and nearer she broke down completely.

"I'm very sorry, mother," she said, "but I really don't think I can," and so saying she burst into sobs.

"If you will get on your things and come with me to the jeweler's," said her mother, "I think I can help you."

When they got to the jeweler's Priscilla's mother singled out one of the assistants, and said, "Is my ring done yet?"

"Yes," said he; "it has just come back." And he took out of a drawer a little box, and out of the box a ring, and handed it to Priscilla's mother. And Priscilla's mother handed it to Priscilla and said, "See if it fits, dear." And, behold! it was the turquoise ring she had always loved so much, and, although it was rather loose, it fitted well enough for Priscilla to refuse to let the jeweler have it again to alter it. In this decision she was supported by her mother, who said that it should come back again after a day or two. And so the assistant gave Priscilla the little box, and off they went home.

On their way Priscilla's mother explained to Priscilla the value of the ring.

"It is for you to wear," she said, "only when you feel you want some extra help to enable you to bear up, as you do to-day. Let us call it the ring of fortitude, and every time you look down and see it, or feel it on your finger, you will remember what it means and why it is there, and that will give you courage. Why, you are much braver already."

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And it is true that Priscilla was. She almost skipped along beside her mother, and all that day she fondled the ring and forgot all about her tooth and the dentist, even about the perfectly hateful buzzing thing with which he drills holes.

She had a good night, and went off in the morning almost smiling, and whether it was that the ring helped her not to feel, or whether the dentist really did not hurt, I don't know, but it is certain that she had almost a pleasant sitting in the detestable chair.

In addition to the ring of fortitude, Priscilla had been given a shilling to buy some cakes for tea from a little shop off Regent Street that was famous in her family for a certain kind of scone. The dentist's man called a cab, and she and her nurse drove off very happily for the cakes and then all down Regent Street and through St. James' Park home.

It was upon hearing her mother's first words, "Was the ring good to you?" that Priscilla realized that she was no longer wearing it!

Her heart stood still.

She searched her gloves and her clothes, and the bag with the cakes in it, and then she searched them again; but to no purpose.

Priscilla was the most miserable child in London. She would rather, she felt, have forty toothaches.

Directly after lunch, which she had the utmost difficulty in eating, she and her mother hurried off to the confectioner's to see if the ring was there; but it was not.

Then they went off to Scotland Yard to describe

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it to the police and see if the cabman had by any chance found it and taken it there.

The Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard is divided into two parts, one for umbrellas and the other for miscellaneous things. Every day hundreds of persons seem to make a point of leaving something in a cab, and the doors of these offices are swinging continuously to let the losers in and out. A very nice policeman took down the particulars of the ring—what it was like, when and where Priscilla remembered seeing it last, the time she got into the cab and the time she left it, and so forth. Then he told them that if it were brought in they should receive a letter.

But the letter did not come, and day after day passed, and Priscilla grew so tired of looking at cabmen in the hope of seeing her own cabman again that she slept badly and became pale and nervous, for she dreamed every night of nothing but cabs, not only in the streets but indoors too, and even upstairs, driven by men without faces at all. And they never said anything to her, but just drove on and on, never stopping to pick up passengers or put them down. The world was full of cabmen, cabmen, cabmen. . . .

The doctor said that unless something happened to divert her mind Priscilla would be really ill.

But something did happen.

shilling: an English silver coin that is worth about twenty-four cents. **—scone:** a thin cake made of wheat or barley or oat meal.—**Scotland Yard:** the name of the headquarters of the London police.

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THE RING OF FORTITUDE

Part II

One evening, nearly a fortnight later, Priscilla's father was sitting by the fire reading a book he had bought at a book-stall that afternoon. It was the life of an actor named Charles Mayne Young, who lived a hundred years ago, and it was full of odd and interesting things. Suddenly he said, "Listen to this," and read to Priscilla and her mother a story, which had been told to Mr. Young's son.

"There!" said Priscilla's father, when he had finished. "Why shouldn't our ring have fallen into a crack at the pastry-cook's in just the same way as that of the man's ring in the story? You say it was a little bit loose, and Priscilla remembers taking off her glove in the shop. It's an old shop, isn't it?" he added.

"Yes," said Priscilla's mother, "very old."

"Then very likely there are wide cracks in the floor, or even holes?"

"Quite likely," said Priscilla's mother.

"Then I think I'll go at once and see." Priscilla's father was very impulsive, and when he thought of a thing he liked to do it at once.

"Oh, father, may I come too?" cried Priscilla.

"It will make you so late for bed," said her father.

"Only this once," Priscilla urged.

"And the shop will be shut," said her mother.

"Oh, I'll get them to let me in!" said her father.

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"Do let me go, do!" said Priscilla. "I may, mayn't I?"

"Very well," said her father; "but you must wrap up very warm."

So Priscilla's father filled his pipe, and Maggie stood on the steps and blew twice, and soon a cab came, and off they bowled to the little street off Regent Street.

Priscilla's mother was quite right. The shop was shut; but Priscilla's father hammered on the side door, and soon it was opened by a very little servant in a cap all on one side.

"Is Mr. Dear in?" asked Priscilla's father.

"No, he's not," said the very little servant.

"Is Mrs. Dear in?" asked Priscilla's father.

"There isn't a Mrs. Dear," said the very little servant.

"Then who is there?" asked Priscilla's father.

"There's Miss Dear," said the very little servant. "Mrs. Dear died years ago."

"Is Miss Dear in?" asked Priscilla's father.

"No; Mr. Dear and Miss Dear have both gone to Maskelyne and Devant's," said the very little servant, with a husky note in her voice that suggested she wished she was there too. "They have free seats," she added, quite unnecessarily, "for putting the bill in the window."

"Then there's no one at home but you?" said Priscilla's father.

"Only the bakers," said the very little servant, "but they're busy at the back."

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"May I go into the shop for a minute?" said Priscilla's father.

"No, you mayn't," said the very little servant, very decidedly, half closing the door as she spoke, and Priscilla's father saw at once that it would be quite useless to try and get her to believe that he was not a thief.

"All right," he said; "don't be frightened. But will you tell me what Mr. Dear is like, because I am going to Maskelyne and Devant's to try and find him."

The very little servant, keeping the door nearly shut and speaking through the crack, was willing to sketch her master and mistress. Mr. Dear, she said, had white whiskers on each cheek and a pair of perfectly round spectacles. ("Like an owl," Priscilla thought.) And Miss Dear was wearing a hat with about half a pint of cherries on it, she should think. And they would be in the balcony.

So off went Priscilla and her father to Maskelyne and Devant's, and they had no difficulty in distinguishing Mr. and Miss Dear, but as the performance was going on, it was some time before there was an interval in which they could be approached. Priscilla did not mind at all, for the most wonderful things were happening on the stage, where people were appearing and disappearing at the word of command, and, no matter how carefully you watched them, the conjurer always turned out to be somebody else. And there was a Japanese juggler who climbed up a pole that was balanced on another Japanese juggler's shoulder.

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When the interval came at last—all too soon—Priscilla's father squeezed along the seats, and introduced himself to Mr. Dear, and Priscilla saw them talking very intently, and now and then they looked at her, and then her father beckoned to her to come, and she squeezed along too, and Mr. and Miss Dear made room for her, and they all sat together for the rest of the performance, and Miss Dear offered her a bag of sweets from time to time, with

O. W. DEAR,

PASTRY-COOK AND CONFECTIONER,

printed on it. And all the time, no matter what was happening on the stage, Miss Dear was saying, "Well, there!" "Oh, dad, did you see that!" "Well, I never!" and once, when Mr. Devant drew a rabbit out of a gentleman's collar, she cried, "Oh, actuality!"

And then "God Save the King" was played, and they all trooped out into Regent Street, and Miss Dear and Priscilla followed Mr. Dear and Priscilla's father (who were talking about the Government) down to the shop. When the very little servant saw them all together, her eyes grew twice as big as before. But her master told her to get them the key of the shop quickly, and while she was gone they all stood there in the narrow passage, surrounded by the smell of new bread. Then Mr. Dear unlocked the door into the shop, and lit the gas, and then he fetched a candle, and Priscilla showed them where she was standing

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when she bought the cakes, and her father and Mr. Dear went down on their hands and knees, and groped about very carefully, moving only a very few inches at a time.

"What about this hole?" said Priscilla's father at last.

"Yes," said Mr. Dear, "it is rather a big one. Can you see anything shine?"

Priscilla's father screwed his head down and twisted every way, while he held the candle so as to throw light into the blackness.

"No, I can't," he said. "But how about opening it up?"

"Lizzie," said Mr. Dear to his daughter, "run and get a hammer."

Miss Dear hurried off.

"And you, little missy," said Mr. Dear to Priscilla, "you lift down that jar at the end of the second row, and you'll find something nice to go on with while we're busy."

Priscilla found the jar and opened it, and it was full of chocolates.

When Miss Dear returned with the hammer and the very little servant, Mr. Dear began to wrench up the board. It was very rotten, and came away easily, leaving plenty of room for his hand to grope about. Mr. Dear dipped into the black dust several times, and placed a heap on the floor each time, until the place was empty.

"Now," he said, "what shall we find?"

And, placing the candle close to the heap of dirt,

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he began to examine it, while Priscilla's father and Priscilla and Miss Dear and the very little servant all crouched down on the floor and looked on. Priscilla's heart beat like a motor-car standing still.

"Bless my soul," said Mr. Dear, suddenly, "if here isn't half a sovereign!"

"Fancy that!" said Miss Dear.

"Yes," said Priscilla's father, "and here's a half-penny."

"Well, I never!" said Miss Dear.

"Pins," said Mr. Dear, "by the hundred."

"And here's a pencil," said Priscilla's father.

"And—yes—no—yes—if it isn't a ring!" cried Mr. Dear, holding something up.

"Oh, actuality!" said Miss Dear.

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Priscilla seized it with a gasp of joy. "It is!" she exclaimed. "Yes, it is."

It was the ring. Priscilla rubbed it clean, and the gold was as golden as ever, and the turquoise had the same darling blue.

"Well," said Mr. Dear, "if that isn't the queerest go!"

Priscilla was so happy that she nearly cried; and Miss Dear kissed Priscilla and kissed her dad, and the very little servant jumped about, and Mr. Dear kissed Miss Dear, and kissed Priscilla, and wrung Priscilla's father's hand. They both said, "What an extraordinary coincidence!" And Priscilla's father promised Mr. Dear a copy of the book as soon as he could get one, and Mr. Dear said it ought to be in the newspaper.

And then Priscilla and her father said "Good-night" and "Thank you" several times, and at last got away and hurried home to relieve the mind of Priscilla's mother, who, as you may suppose, was wondering what had become of them.

—Edward Verrall Lucas (*Abridged*).

"God Save the King": the name of the English national hymn.—**sovereign**: an English gold coin, worth about $4.86.—**coincidence** (kŏ-ĭn'sĭ-dens): exact correspondence in nature or circumstance.

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THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

The sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
  Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
  After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
  "To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
  The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
  No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
  There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Were walking close at hand:
They wept like anything to see
  Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
  They said, "It *would* be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
  Swept it for half a year,

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Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

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The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"

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"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick.
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

—Lewis Carroll.

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THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS

The following selection is taken from an old English translation of the "Chronicles" of Sir John Froissart (froi'särt), a celebrated French chronicler who lived 1337–1410. He traveled extensively, and was on intimate terms with many of the rulers of his period. He wrote principally about the things that occurred during his own lifetime.

The siege before Calais endured long, nigh to a year's time, and many things happened in the meanwhile, of which I cannot write the fourth part. When they within Calais saw that their succor failed them they were in great sorrow.

Then they desired their captain, Sir John of Vienne, that he should go to the walls of the town and make a sign to speak with some person of the English host. When the King of England heard thereof he sent thither Sir Walter of Manny and Sir Basset.

Then Sir John of Vienne said to them: "Sirs, ye are right valiant knights in deeds of arms, and ye know well how the King of France, my master, hath sent me and others to this town and commanded us to keep it for him in such wise that no damage may come to him; and we have done all that lieth in our power. Now our succor hath failed us, and we are so sore strained that we have not enough to live upon, so that we must all die or else go mad for famine, unless the noble and gentle King of England will take mercy on us. We ask you to desire him to have pity on us and to let us go and depart, and let him take the town and castle and all the goods that are therein, which are in great abundance."

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Then Sir Walter of Manny said: "Sir, we know somewhat of the intention of the King our master, for he hath told it unto us. Ye must surely know for truth that it is not his mind that ye nor they within the town should depart so, for it is his will that ye all should put yourselves at his disposal, to ransom all such that pleaseth him and to put to death such as he list. For they of Calais have worked so much against him, and have caused him to spend so much wealth, and to lose so many of his men, that he is sore aggrieved against them."

Then the Captain said: "Sir, this is too hard a matter to us. We are here within, humble knights and squires, who have truly served the King our master as well as ye would serve yours in like case. And we have endured much pain and unease; but we shall yet endure as much pain as ever knights did, rather than to consent that the poorest lad in the town should endure any more evil than the greatest of us all. Therefore, sir, we pray you that ye will go and speak to the King of England and desire him to have pity upon us; for we trust to find in him so much gentleness that by the grace of God his purpose shall change."

Sir Walter of Manny and Sir Basset returned to the King and declared to him all that had been said. The King said he would have no other thing but that the French should yield them up simply to his pleasure.

Then Sir Walter said: "Sir, saving your displeasure, in this ye may be in the wrong, for ye shall give by this an evil example. If ye send any of us, your

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servants, into any fortress, we shall not be very glad to go, if ye put any of them in this town to death after they have surrendered; for in like wise others will deal with us, if the case should so befall." And these words other lords there present sustained and maintained.

Then the King said: "Sirs, I will not be alone against you all; therefore, Sir Walter of Manny, ye shall go and say to the Captain that all the mercy that he shall find in me is that they let six of the chief burgesses of the town come out bareheaded, barefooted, and barelegged, and in their shirts, with halters about their necks, with the keys of the town and castle in their hands, and let the six yield themselves purely to my will, and the rest I will pardon."

Then Sir Walter returned and found Sir John of Vienne still on the wall, abiding for an answer. Then Sir Walter showed him all the grace that he could get of the King.

"Well," quoth Sir John, "sir, I ask you to tarry here a certain time, till I go into the town and tell this to the citizens of the town, who sent me hither."

Then Sir John went unto the market place and sounded the bell; then immediately the men and women assembled there.

Then the Captain made a report of all that he had done, and said: "Sirs, it will be none otherwise; therefore now take counsel among yourselves and make a short answer."

Then the people began to weep and to make such sorrow that even the hardest heart would have been filled with pity for them; the Captain himself wept.

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At last the most rich burgess of all the town rose up and said openly: "Sirs, great and small, great misfortune it would be to let such people as are in this town die either by famine or otherwise when there is a means to save them. I think he that keeps them from such misfortune should have great merit in the eye of our Lord God. As for my part, I have so good trust in our Lord God, that if I die to save the rest I think God would pardon my sins; wherefore to save them I will be the first to put my life in jeopardy."

When he had thus said, every man honored him, and some kneeled down at his feet with sore weeping and sore sighs. Then another honest burgess rose and said, "I will keep company with my friend."

Then rose up another who was rich in goods; he said also that he would hold company with his two cousins. In like wise so did his brother; and then rose two others, who said they would do the same. Then they went and appareled them as the King desired.

Then the Captain went with them to the gate: there was great lamentation made by men, women, and children at their departing: then the gate was opened, and he went forth with the six burgesses and closed the gate again, so that they were between the gate and the barriers.

Then he said to Sir Walter of Manny: "Sir, I deliver here to you, as Captain of Calais, by the consent of all the people of the town, these six burgesses, and I swear to you truly that they be to-day the most honorable, rich, and most notable burgesses of all the

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town of Calais. Wherefore, gentle knight, I ask you to pray the King to have mercy on them, that they die not."

Quoth Sir Walter, "I can not say what the King will do, but I shall do for them the best I can." Then

the barriers were opened, the six burgesses went toward the King, and the Captain entered again into the town.

When Sir Walter presented these burgesses to the King, they kneeled down and held up their hands, and said: "Gentle King, behold us here, we six, who were burgesses of Calais and great merchants; we have brought to you the keys of the town and of the castle, and we submit ourselves entirely to your will and pleasure, to save the rest of the people of Calais, who have suffered great pain. Sir, we beseech you to have mercy and pity on us through your high nobleness."

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Then all the earls and barons and others that were there wept for pity.

The King looked fiercely on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais for the damages and displeasures they had done him. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off. Then every man begged the King for mercy, but he would hear no man in that behalf.

Then Sir Walter of Manny said: "Ah, noble King, we pray you hold back your anger. Ye have the name of sovereign nobleness; therefore now do nothing to blemish your renown, nor to give cause to the folk to speak evil of you. Every man will declare it great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills have put themselves at your mercy to save their companions."

Then the King ground his teeth and commanded to send for the hangman, and said: "They of Calais have caused many of my men to be slain, wherefore these citizens shall die."

And the Queen kneeled down and, sore weeping, said: "Ah, gentle sir, since I passed the sea in great peril, I have asked no favor from you; therefore now I humbly ask you that ye will have mercy upon these six burgesses."

The King looked on the Queen and stood still in thought a space, and then said: "Ah, dame, I would ye had been now in some other place; ye make such request to me that I can not deny you. Wherefore I give them to you, to do your pleasure with them."

Then the Queen caused them to be brought into her

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rooms, and had the halters taken from their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them their dinner at their leisure; and then she gave each of them six gold coins, and caused them to be brought out of the host in safeguard and set at liberty.

—Sir John Froissart.

Calais (kă-lā′): a town in France on the Straits of Dover.—**suc'cor**: aid.—**Vienne**: vē-en′.—**list**: wish.—**bur'gesses**: citizens.—**jeopardy** (jĕ′-pĕrd-ў): danger.—**appar'eled**: dressed.

CAST AWAY IN THE COLD

The upshot of the whole matter was that we came in the end to regard ourselves as settled on the island, if not for the remainder of our lives, at least for an indefinite time, and we made up our minds that there was no use in being gloomy and cast down about it. So from that time forward we were mostly cheerful, and, though you may think it very strange, were generally contented.

This was a great step gained, and when we now came to make an inventory of our possessions, we did it just as a farmer or merchant would do. Being the undisputed owners of this Rock of Good Hope, we considered ourselves none the less owners of all the foxes, ducks, eggs, eider-down, dead beasts, dry bones, and whatsoever else there might be upon it; and, besides this, we had a lien upon all the seals and walruses and whales of every kind that lived in the sea—that is, if we could catch them.

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We now worked with even a better spirit than we had done before, for the idea of being settled on the island for life seemed to imply that we had need to look ahead farther than when our hopes of rescue had been strong.

First we finished the hut in which we were to live—doing it not as if we were putting up a tent for temporary use, but as a man who has just come into possession of a large property puts up a fine house on it, that he may be comfortable for the remainder of his days.

This hut was about twelve feet square, and we had, after much hard labor, succeeded in closing it up perfectly, and in making it tight. Along the peak of it, where the two rocks came together, there was a crack which gave us much trouble; but at length we succeeded in pounding down into it, with the butt-end of our narwhal horn, a great quantity of moss or turf, and thus closed it tight.

I must tell you here, while we are on the subject of moss, that the moss grew on our island, as it does in all Arctic countries, with a richness that you never see here—moss being, in truth, the characteristic vegetation of the Arctic regions. In the valley fronting us there was a bed of it several feet thick. Its fibers were very long—as much, in some places, as four inches—all of a single year's growth; and as it had gone on growing year after year, you will understand that there was layer after layer of it. In one place, at the side of the valley to the right as we went down toward the beach, it seemed to have died out after

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growing for many years; and when we discovered this, we were more rejoiced than we had been at any time since starting the fire; for the moss, being dead, had become dry and hard, and burned almost like peat, as we found when we came to try it in our fireplace; and when we added to it a little of our blubber, it made such a heat that we could not have desired anything better. Indeed, it made our hut so warm that we could leave both the door and the window open until the weather became colder.

One thing which gave us great satisfaction was the immense quantity of the dead moss which was in this bed—so much, indeed, that, no matter how long we should live there, we could never burn up the hundredth part of it. At first there had not appeared to be much of it, but it developed more and more, like a coal mine, as we dug farther and farther into it.

Our fireplace was therefore, as you see, a great success; but we were, after a few days, most unexpectedly troubled with it. Thus far the wind had been blowing only in one direction; but afterwards it shifted to the opposite quarter, driving the smoke all down into the hut, and smothering us out. Neither of us being a skillful mason, we could not imagine what was the matter; but finally it occurred to us, after much useless labor had been spent in tearing part of it down and building it up again, that it was too low, being just on a level with the top of the hut; so we ran it up as much higher as we could lift the stones, which was about four feet, and after that we had no more trouble with it.

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Having succeeded so well with our arrangements towards keeping up a fire, we next fitted up a bed, as the storms now began to trouble us, and we found, when we were driven away from the grass, and were obliged to sleep inside of the hut, that it was a very hard place to sleep, being nothing but rough stones, which made us very sore, and made our bones ache.

The first thing we did now was to build a wall about as high as our knees right across the middle of the hut, from side to side; then, across the space thus enclosed in the back part of the hut, we built up another wall about three feet high, thus, you see, making two divisions of it.

One of these divisions we used as a sort of storeroom or closet, leveling the bottom of it with flat stone, of which we had no difficulty in obtaining all we wanted. We also covered the front part of the hut with stones of the same description, thus making quite a smooth floor. It was not large enough, as you will see, to give us much trouble in keeping it clean. Of the second division, in the back part, we made our bed, by first filling it up with moss, then covering the moss over with dry grass.

Having given up all hope of a ship coming after us, we now gave up watching for one; and we went to sleep together on our new bed, lying on the dry grass, and, as before, covering ourselves over with my large overcoat. We found it to be more comfortable than you would think, and altogether better than anything on which we had yet slept. But we came near losing our fire by it, as the last embers were just dying out

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when we awoke late in the morning from our first sleep in the hut.

But this bed did not exactly suit our fancy, and, seeing the necessity for some better kind of bedclothes, our wits were once more set to working, in order to discover something with which to fasten together the duck skins that we had been saving and drying, and of which we had now almost a hundred. We had spread them out upon the rocks, and dried them in the sun; for we had seen that, if we could only find something with which to sew them together, we might make all the clothing that we wanted.

The eider-duck skin is very warm, having, besides its thick coat of feathers, a heavy underlayer of soft warm down, which the ducks pick off and use to line their nests. The skins are also very strong.

Now, however, as at other times since we had been cast away, good fortune came to us; and we had scarcely begun seriously to feel the need of sewing materials before they were thrown in our way, as if providentially. It happened thus:

In cutting the blubber from the dead narwhal, we had quite exposed the strong sinews of the tail, without, however, for a moment imagining that we were preparing the way to a most important and useful discovery. After a while this sinew had become partially dried in the sun, and one day, while busy with some one of our now quite numerous occupations, I was much surprised to see the Dean running towards me from the beach, and was still more surprised when I heard him crying out, "I have it, I have it!"

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It seemed to me that the Dean was always having something, and I was more than ever curious to know what it was this time.

He had been down on the beach, and, observing some of the dried sinew, had begun to tear it to pieces; and in this way he found out that he could make threads of it, and he immediately set off to tell me about it. We at once went together down to the beach, and, cutting off all that we could get of this strong sinew, we spread it upon the rocks, that it might dry more thoroughly.

In a few days the sun had completely dried and hardened a great quantity of this stuff; and we found that, when we came to pick it to pieces, we could make, if we chose, very fine threads of it—as fine and as strong as ordinary silk. This was a great discovery truly, as it was the only thing now wanting, except some cooking utensils, to complete our domestic furniture.

As for the latter, it was some time before we invented anything; but thus far we had been occupied with what seemed to be more important concerns. Over on the opposite side of the island I found some stones of very soft texture; and, upon trying them with my knife, I discovered that they were precisely the same kind of stones that I had often found at home, and which we there called soapstone. Upon making further search there proved to be quite an extensive vein of it; and since I knew that in civilized countries griddles were made out of soapstone, I concluded at once that other kinds of cooking utensils

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might be made from the same substance. Accordingly I carried to our hut several pieces of it, and there they lay for a long time, until I could find leisure to carve some pots and other things out of them.

Thus you see we were getting along very well, steadily collecting those things which were necessary as well for our comfort as our safety. If the island on which we had been cast away was barren and inhospitable, it was none the less capable, like almost every other land, in whatever region of the earth, of furnishing subsistence to men.

When we saw what we could do with the sinew of the narwhal, we immediately set about preparing some bedclothes for ourselves. This we did by squaring off the duck-skins with my knife, and then sewing them tightly together. Thus we obtained, not only a soft bed to lie upon, but a good warm quilt to cover us.

This done, we went back to the cooking utensils, of which you may be sure we were very much in need. Out of a large block of soapstone, by careful digging with the knife, we soon made quite a good-sized pot, which was found to answer our purpose perfectly. We could now change our diet a little, at least, I should say, the manner of cooking it; for while we could before only fry our ducks and eggs on flat stones, when we got the pot we could boil them. This gave us great pleasure, as we were getting very tired of having but one style of food; still I cannot say that there was so very much occasion for being over-glad, as at best it was only ducks and eggs, and eggs and ducks, like the boy you have heard of in the story, who had

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first mush and milk, and then, for variety, milk and mush.

So one day the Dean said to me, "Hardy, can't we catch some of these little birds, auks you call them?" "How?" said I. "I don't know," said he; so we were just as well off as we had been before.

But this set us to thinking again; and the birds being very tame, and flying low, it occurred to us that we might make a net, and fasten it to the end of our narwhal horn, which we had thus far used only while making our hut. Luckily for us, the Dean—who, I need hardly say, was a very clever boy in every sense—had learned from one of the sailors the art of net-making; and out of some of the narwhal sinew he contrived, in two days, to construct a good-sized net. And now the difficulty was to stretch it; but by this time our inventive faculties had been pretty well sharpened, and we were not long in finding that we could make a perfect hoop by lashing together three seal ribs which we picked up on the beach; and, having fastened this hoop securely to the narwhal horn, we sallied forth to the north side of the island, where the auks were most abundant.

Hiding ourselves away among the rocks, we waited until a flock of the birds flew over us. They flew very low—not more than five feet above our heads. When they were least expecting it, I threw up the net, and three of them flew bang into it. They were so much stunned by the blow, that only one of them could flutter out before I had drawn in the net; and the Dean was quick enough to seize the remaining two before

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they could escape. This, being the first experiment, gave us great encouragement, as it was more successful than we had ventured to hope. We went on with the work, without pausing, for several hours, looking upon it as great sport, as indeed it was; and since it was the first thing we had done on the island that seemed like sport, the day was always remembered by us with delight.

—Isaac I. Hayes.

in'ventory: list.—**lien** (lēn): a legal claim.—**nar'whal**: a marine animal of the arctic regions. The male usually has one long tusk projecting forward from the upper jaw like a horn.—**vegeta'tion**: vegetable growth.—**peat**: a substance of vegetable origin, consisting of roots, fibers, etc. It is often used for fuel.

TUBAL CAIN

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
  In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
  The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
  On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
  As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang,—"Hurrah for my handiwork!
  Hurrah for the Spear and Sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
  For he shall be king and lord!"

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To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang,—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! Hurrah for the fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
And the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage, blind.
And he said,—"Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man."

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.

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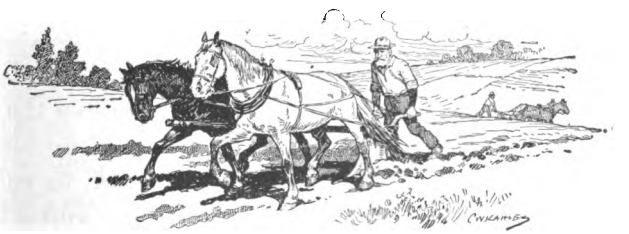
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang,—"Hurrah for my handiwork!"
As the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
As he fashioned the First Plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the Past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang,—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he.
And for the Plowshare and the Plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while Oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the Plow,
We'll not forget the Sword!"

—CHARLES MACKAY.

lust: desire.—**carnage**: bloodshed.



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A DESPERATE PERIL

Part I

With a great pressure of work upon him, it is no wonder that Washington welcomed the presence of a trusted officer like Arnold. The disasters in the South and the increasing weariness of the whole country warned him that something must be done to relieve the situation. He had, therefore, long been anxious to consult with the French general, Rochambeau, and plan a campaign against New York, with the idea of capturing that city, or at least of forcing Cornwallis to leave the South and come to its rescue.

But to travel to Newport, where Rochambeau was stationed, would consume some time, and if the enemy were to learn of his absence and take advantage of it, he felt that he would be justly criticised for not being on the spot. With Arnold at hand, however, he felt more secure, and he therefore requested Rochambeau to meet him half way at Hartford, and started for that city on September 18, 1780.

Meanwhile Arnold had been steadily nursing his grievances against his enemies in Congress, and his plans had so far taken shape that he had written letters to Clinton, under an assumed name, advising him that an American officer of high rank was ready to help the British end the war if he could be assured of sufficient reward. For a time Clinton could not believe that the writer of this letter was Arnold, but when he became convinced of this, arrangements were made to reward him with a generalship in the British army and a large

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sum of money, provided he could guarantee the capture of West Point. But with Washington watching him this was more than the traitor could do, so for weeks he waited, seeking a favorable opportunity to carry his plans into effect.

His delight at Washington's departure, therefore, may well be imagined. This was just the chance for which he had been longing, and his commander's back was scarcely turned before he hurried a despatch to Clinton, advising him to perfect the details of the plan without a moment's delay. The British commander promptly responded by ordering his adjutant-general, André, to proceed up the Hudson on the *Vulture* as far as that war vessel could go, giving him full authority to meet the traitor and make whatever arrangements were necessary.

André was one of the most popular young officers in the British army, and his handsome face and charming manners had won him many friends in Philadelphia, to whose pleasure he had greatly added during his stay in that city. Indeed, Arnold's wife, who was then the reigning belle of the town, had often been his partner in the dinners and balls which distinguished that gay winter. In those days he had merely been a captain, but now he was a major, and the adjutant-general of the army, and as such he was entirely in Clinton's confidence, and under the name of John Anderson he had written all the answers which the traitor had received. His commander, therefore, merely instructed him to complete the business, at the same time warning him not to enter the Ameri-

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can lines or carry papers or disguise himself in any way.

André accordingly started on his mission, and two days after Washington's departure he sailed up the Hudson, landed at night a few miles below Stony Point and, meeting Arnold in a neighboring wood, listened to the traitor's plans. By dawn the conspirators were still perfecting the details of their plot, and the boatmen who had taken André ashore, refusing to take him back after sunrise, he and Arnold were compelled to take refuge in a house owned by a man named Joshua Smith, well within the American lines.

They had scarcely gained this shelter, however, when a most alarming sound of cannonading reached their ears, and springing to the windows they perceived that one of the American shore batteries had opened fire on the *Vulture* and that that vessel was rapidly dropping down the river to get out of range. Aghast as he was at this discovery, André knew that the ship had orders not to return to New York without him, and, feeling sure that she would not go far, he arranged with Arnold to have Smith row him out to the sloop-of-war as soon as night came on.

Meanwhile the two conspirators arranged their plot in greater detail, and André secured a number of papers in Arnold's handwriting, giving the plans of the fort and other information. It was further agreed that Arnold should pretend to repair the chain which was stretched across the river to prevent the passage of vessels and, removing some of its middle links, tie the ends together with a light rope which any war ship

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could easily break, and that he should also so post the troops that West Point would be defenseless.

The capture of the fortress being thus assured, the traitor then departed, but by nightfall André's guide lost his courage and declined to trust himself in front of the American batteries. It would be far safer, he declared, to cross the river and travel down the other side on horseback. André did not like this plan, for his British uniform, which would attract no attention in a boat at night, could not be worn on the overland trip, and his papers, which he had intended to weight with a stone, ready to sink in the water if necessary, could not be so easily destroyed if he adopted Smith's advice.

However, Arnold had provided him with passes for either land or water and, rather than lose any more time, he agreed to follow his guide. Partially disguising himself in some of Smith's clothes, therefore, and stowing his papers in his shoes, he crossed the river and started southward on the night of September 22d.

How much, or how little, Smith knew concerning his companion is uncertain, but he soon proved himself a very cautious person, and before many miles had been covered he halted, declaring there were too many "Cowboys" and "Skinners" about to make night traveling safe. André knew all about the "Cowboys," a lawless band of robbers who infested Westchester County, pretending to favor the British, and he had doubtless heard of the "Skinners," the highwaymen who posed as American soldiers; but he was utterly disgusted with Smith's timidity, and after an anxious

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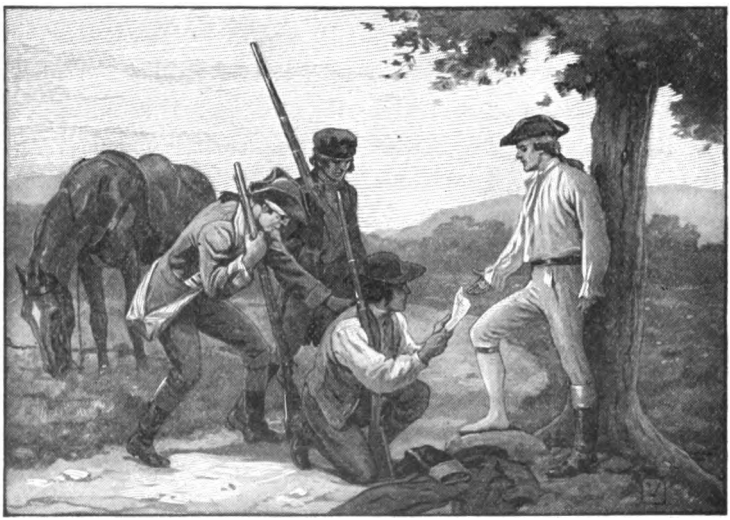
night at a wayside house, he insisted upon pushing forward without further delay. But Smith continued nervous, and the young officer, becoming exasperated at the waste of time, decided to shift for himself.



Dismissing his guide, therefore, he hurried on toward Tarrytown, feeling that his adventures were almost at an end and that he would soon be safely within the British lines. He had not progressed far, however, before three shabbily dressed fellows sprang from a thicket by the roadside and leveling their muskets, commanded him to halt. Startled as he must have been, André behaved with great coolness, and observing, as he reined in his horse, that one of the party wore a Hessian coat, he inquired if they were supporters "of the lower (loyal) party," and was told that they were. Thereupon he announced that he was

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a British officer who was traveling on important business which would not permit of a moment's delay; but the words had scarcely fallen from his lips when he was informed that the men were Americans and that he was their prisoner.

Dangerous as the situation was, André did not yet despair of effecting his escape, and feeling certain that his captors must be "Skinners," who would let him go as soon as they had robbed him of all his valuables, he showed them Arnold's pass and offered them his watch and purse to let him proceed at once. Had the men been "Skinners" this would doubtless have satisfied them, but being loyal Americans it sounded like a bribe, and from that instant André's fate was sealed, for they straightway searched him and, finding the papers in his shoes, marched him to the nearest outpost. Here the commander, Colonel Jameson, examined the papers, but not believing that Arnold could have anything to do with them, he ordered the prisoner taken to West Point and despatched the documents to Washington.

Rochambeau: rō-shŏn-bō'.—**André**: ăn' drā.—**conspir'ators**: plotters.—**exas'perated**: provoked.

A DESPERATE PERIL

Part II

André's relief at this turn of affairs may well be imagined, for once in Arnold's hands he was safe, and there would be plenty of time to escape before the plot

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was exposed. But, unfortunately for these hopes, another officer now arrived on the scene. This was Major Benjamin Tallmadge, a graduate of Yale and, strange to say, a classmate of Nathan Hale; and the moment he read the papers he urged Colonel Jameson to hold André and to give no report to Arnold until further orders from Washington. Jameson partially took this advice, for he hurried out a squad of cavalry who overtook André and his escort on the road and ordered them to halt where they were, but he sent a dispatch to Arnold informing him that a man calling himself John Anderson had been captured carrying suspicious papers in his shoes.

Meanwhile the other messenger with the proofs of Arnold's guilt was galloping to Hartford, and had Washington stayed there as long as he had intended the papers would have speedily reached his hands. He had, however, soon learned from Rochambeau that the French were in no condition to join in the proposed campaign against Clinton and that further consultation would be a waste of time. Therefore, as Jameson's messenger was hurrying to Hartford, the Commander-in-Chief was traveling in the opposite direction, and having taken different roads they passed each other on the way.

Still, Washington was approaching West Point three days earlier than he was expected, and when he reached Fishkill on September 24th, he stopped at the very inn where Joshua Smith was staying, and actually had a conversation with the man. The next day he moved down the river early and stopped with Knox

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to inspect some earthworks, while Hamilton and another officer crossed to Arnold's headquarters at the Robinson House, nearly opposite West Point, to advise him that the General was on his way to breakfast with him.

This unwelcome news must have been highly disturbing to the traitor, but knowing nothing of André's capture, he still felt that his plans were certain to succeed, for Washingon would hardly have time to discover the defenseless condition of the fortress before the British attacked, as this event was scheduled for that very day. But while he and Mrs. Arnold sat at the breakfast table with their guest, momentarily expecting Washington and Knox, a dispatch-bearer arrived and handed a letter to Arnold. It was Jameson's message that a certain John Anderson was in his hands.

Arnold was talking as he opened the letter, but he stopped when his eyes fell on its contents, and then quietly folding it and putting it in his pocket, he continued his sentence just where he had been interrupted. With the same cool self-control he carelessly observed that he was summoned to West Point but would be back directly, and bidding his guests excuse him, he left the room. Once outside the door, however, he darted upstairs, told his wife, who had followed him, that he was a lost man, laid her fainting on a bed, hurried to the water front, leaped into his barge and ordered the oarsmen to row for their lives down the river, where, after an eighteen-mile pull, he found the *Vulture* and was received on board to tell his sorry tale.

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Meanwhile Washington arrived at Arnold's headquarters and, learning that he had been called to West Point, immediately turned to follow him. At the fort, however, he was informed that the General had not appeared, and the puzzled Commander-in-Chief once more sought him at his residence. Meantime the dispatch rider, who had journeyed all the way to Hartford and back, had dashed up, and Hamilton held the proof of Arnold's guilt in his hands when his superior again approached the house.

One glance at the document was sufficient to disclose the terrible truth. But, shocked and grieved as he was, Washington wasted no time in idle words. The situation was critical and he instantly controlled it. A sharp order to Hamilton to pursue and capture Arnold; quick, clear commands to his aides to put all officers on their guard against a surprise; a swift, calm inspection of West Point, and an instant re-arrangement of all the troops defending it; a tense, heart-broken whisper, "Whom can we trust now?"—and Washington was ready, sword in hand, for all the enemies of his country.

Four days later André was tried by a military commission and sentenced to death as a spy, Greene, Lafayette, Steuben, and other distinguished officers acting as his judges. Great efforts were made to save his life, but the fact that he had been found within the American lines, partially disguised and bearing information to the enemy, made a defense difficult. Washington accordingly refused to set aside the unanimous verdict of the court and the young man died displaying

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the same courage and calmness that Nathan Hale had displayed only a few years before. To his worth as a man and a soldier the Commander-in-Chief paid his token of respect, but Arnold's name he never willingly allowed to cross his lips again.

—Frederick Trevor Hill.

scheduled (skĕd′ūl′d): appointed.—**unan′imous**: without the contradiction of any.—**ver′dict**: decision.

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;

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We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay;
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

—Sir Walter Scott.

MR. WINKLE ON SKATES

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch had been done ample justice to; "what say you to an hour on the ice. We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; oh yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am rather out of practice."

"Oh, do skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

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"Oh, it is so graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening, "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more down-stairs: whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller, having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight; and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies: which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assist-

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ance of Mr. Sam Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not a uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeared there's an orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home, that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thankee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr.

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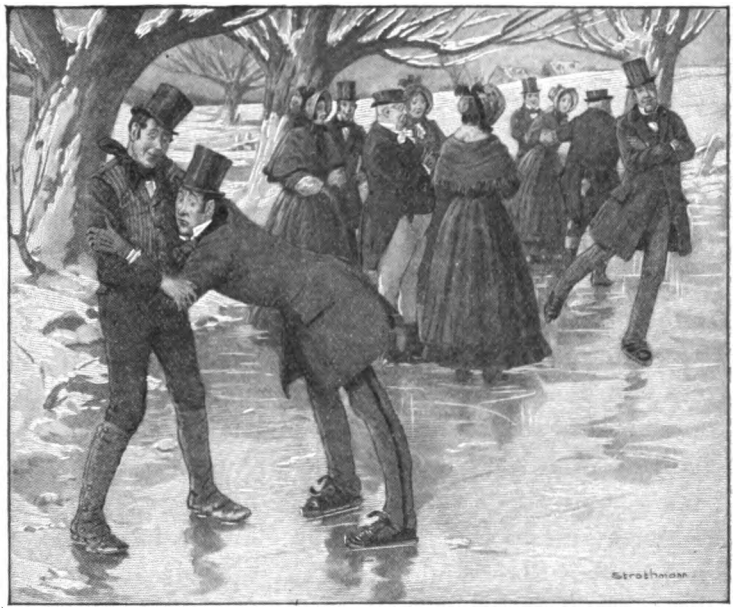

Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:

"Sam!"

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"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do you think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

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Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what!" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

—Charles Dickens.

dexter'ity: skill.—**evolu'tions**: movements.—**demonstra'tion**: showing.—**ghastly**: pale.—**Pickwickian**: member of the Pickwick Club.—**im'petus**: motion produced by a sudden force.—**spasmod'ic**: coming and going at intervals.—**lin'eament**: feature.—**bleed**: before the study of medicine had advanced as far as it has to-day, it was the custom to bleed persons as a cure for most all illnesses.—**impost'or**: one who assumes a title or character not his own for the purpose of deceiving others.

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THE NATIONAL FLAG

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see unified Italy. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

This nation has a banner, too; and wherever this flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lion and no fierce eagle, no embattled castles or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of dawn. It means *liberty;* and the galley slave, the poor, oppressed conscript, the trodden-down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag the very promise of God.

If one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him: It means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant. It means the whole glorious Revolutionary War. It means all that the Declaration of Independence meant. It means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *divine right of liberty in*

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man. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty—not lawlessness, not license, but organized, institutional liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

The American flag was the safeguard of liberty. Not an atom of crown was allowed to go into its insignia. Not a symbol of authority in the ruler was permitted to go into it. It was an ordinance of liberty by the people for the people. *That* it meant, *that* it means, and, by the blessing of God, *that* it shall mean to the end of time!

Under this banner rode Washington and his armies. Before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven out from around New York, and in their painful pilgrimages through New Jersey. In New Jersey, more than in almost any other state, grows the trailing arbutus. May I not think it is sacred drops of Pilgrim blood that come forth in beauteous flowers on this sandiest of soils? For this sweet blossom that lays its cheek on the very snow is the true Pilgrim's *Mayflower!* This banner streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and at Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton, and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new

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day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation.

Our states grew up under it. And when our ships began to swarm upon the ocean to carry forth our commerce, and Great Britain arrogantly demanded the right to intrude her search warrants upon American decks, then up went the lightning flag, and every star meant liberty and every stripe streamed defiance. The gallant fleet of Lake Erie—have you forgotten it? The thunders that echoed to either shore were overshadowed by this broad ensign of our American liberty. Those glorious men that went forth in the old ship *Constitution* carried this banner to battle and to victory. The old ship is alive yet. Bless the name, bless the ship, bless her historic memory, and bless the old flag that waves over her yet!

How glorious, then, has been its origin! How glorious has been its history! How divine is its meaning!

—Henry Ward Beecher.

embla'zonry: decoration.—**insig'nia**: distinguishing marks.—**con'script**: one forced to serve as a soldier or sailor.—**des'potism**: government directed by one who has absolute power.—**her'aldry**: in general, the science which treats of coat-armor, descents, precedence, ceremonies, and processions; in a narrower sense, the art of identifying, drawing, and describing coats of arms.—**license**: excess of liberty, freedom abused.—**leg'acies**: things which are left by will.—**ar'rogantly**: proudly.

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever,
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever!

—George P. Morris.

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THE FLAG

Let it idly droop, or sway
To the wind's light will;
Furl its stars, or float in day;
Flutter, or be still!
It has held its colors bright,
Through the war-smoke dun;
Spotless emblem of the Right,
Whence success was won.

Let it droop in graceful rest
For a passing hour—
Glory's banner last and best;
Freedom's freshest flower!
Each red stripe has blazoned forth
Gospels writ in blood;
Every star has sung the birth
Of some deathless good.

Let it droop, but not too long!
On the eager wind
Bid it wave, to shame the wrong;
To inspire mankind
With a larger human love;
With a truth as true
As the heaven that broods above
Its deep field of blue.

In the gathering hosts of hope,
In the march of man,

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Open for it place and scope,
  Bid it lead the van;
Till beneath the searching skies,
  Martyr-blood be found,
Purer than our sacrifice,
  Crying from the ground:

Till a flag with some new light
  Out of Freedom's sky,
Kindles, through the gulfs of night,
  Holier blazonry.
Let its glow the darkness drown!
  Give our banner sway,
Till its joyful stars go down,
  In undreamed-of day!

—Lucy Larcom.

dun: of a dark brown color.—**bla'zoned**: shone, displayed.

BIRD-NESTING WITH BURROUGHS

When two men whose combined years exceed five-score, can go a-bird-nesting with an enthusiasm which knows no decrease, and count mere discovery a sufficient reward for hours of searching, the occupation is evidently worthy of investigation by every boy who would prolong his youth.

I say boy advisedly, for the bird-nesting habit is not to be acquired in later life, and, indeed, had better never be acquired at all if its object be the taking of

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the nests and eggs. One does not search for a new or beautiful flower to uproot and destroy it, but to admire it, and to cherish the memory of its perfections until, with returning spring, it renews itself and our delight in its existence.

Bird-nesting, then, does not mean egg-collecting. The latter holds no antidote for age, but loses its powers as gratified desire checks species after species off the list, or increasing years bring a realization of its folly.

Your true bird-nester values his good fortune too highly to rob the nest and himself at the same time. The discovery of a bird's nest is the discovery of a bird's home with all the fascinating possibilities attending the study of a bird's home life. It is an event. One never forgets the circumstances attending the finding of any but the commonest birds' nests. The species then becomes the individual. One may claim an actual acquaintance in the bird world and perhaps establish personal relations with some feathered neighbor, whose family affairs become matters with which he is intimately concerned.

Furthermore, that almost universal heritage, the hunting instinct, finds a natural outlet in bird-nesting. The farmer's boy who hunts hens' nests just to triumph over some particular fowl whose eggs have long defied search, exhibits, in an early form, the motive which impels one again and again to look for the nest of a more or less common bird whose home has been discovered many times before. And, finally, as Mr. Burroughs has said, "Bird-nesting is by no means a

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failure even though you find no birds' nests. You are sure to find other things of interest, plenty of them."

Perhaps, after all, this is the secret of the perennial charm of bird-nesting. The discovery of the nest is only the crowning event of a quest which has been filled with pleasant incidents. Certain it is that in the outing here briefly described, there were "other things of interest" besides birds' nests and "plenty of them," too. First among them was the owner of "Slabsides"; one could not imagine a fitter companion with whom to go a-nesting; for, be the paradox especially noted, the enjoyments of nest-hunting are doubled when you halve them.

Then there was Slabsides itself, ideal haunt for man and bird, and round about were inviting wooded hills, with here and there cultivated valleys between them, and, not far away, fields and orchards.

Through these pleasantly varied surroundings, on one June morning, we wandered, visiting old acquaintances as well as searching for new ones. It was not to be expected that a passing tour of observation and investigation should yield results of unusual interest or scientific value, and I have nothing more important to record than the mere joy of seeing and discovering objects which never fail to excite a bird-lover's enthusiasm with the added satisfaction of being able, in some instances, to picture far more graphically than could be done with pen alone, the scenes from bird-life which are here presented.

The difference between casual and continuous observation is well illustrated by our comparative

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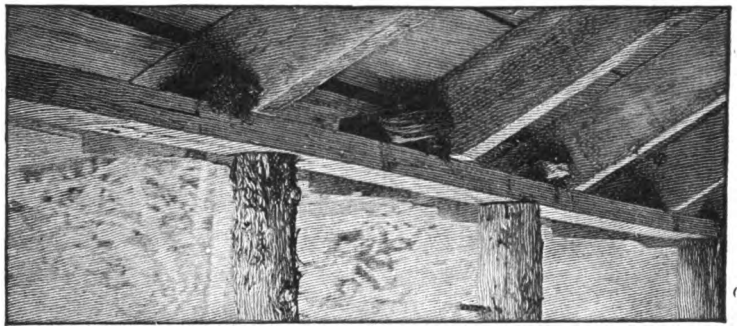
knowledge of the first bird we visited—the Phœbe. To me, she was interesting simply as a Phœbe who had occupied a new nesting-site the first season it was available, and already had become so accustomed to man that she permitted herself to be photographed at short range; but this was only the final incident of her known history.



For a number of years, so Mr. Burroughs tells us, a pair of Phœbes, presumably the birds in question, had occupied a nesting-site beneath a rocky ledge, at the side of the valley in which Slabsides hides. The present year, they returned as usual and, when the eggs were laid, Mr. Burroughs permitted a boy visitor to take one for his collection. Whether this fact was in any way connected with the fate of the nest or not is unknown, but it is certain that the remaining eggs were soon missing and the nest deserted.

Shortly, they selected a new home on the horizontal beam of the piazza of a recently erected dwelling, overlooking the valley. Here, the rafters divided the beam into ten spaces, all of which, to the Phœbe, evidently

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looked alike. She began a nest in one of these spaces, but on returning with more building material, missed her aim, so to speak, and began a second nest in another space. This mistake was repeated until the bird had five nests in process of construction at the same time. Probably she would not have completed any one of them, if Mr. Burroughs had not covered four with stones. The bird was then forced to concentrate on the fifth, which she eventually finished and on which she was peacefully sitting at the time of my visit.

Doubtless Mr. Burroughs could have given equally interesting accounts of other of his bird neighbors to whom he introduced me that day and the next, and whose portraits I present with only passing comment.

The Hummer, for instance, which, with rare consideration for the needs of bird photography, had placed her nest in the low sweeping limb of an apple tree, was an old acquaintance of his, and no detail of her domestic affairs, from the building of the nest to the appearance of the young, had escaped him. Acquaintance, I say, rather than a friend, for in spite of the fact that her nest was within a few feet of a pathway, the suspicious little creature invariably darted from it whenever any one approached within twenty feet of her. However, she returned in four or five minutes, sometimes alighting and settling in the nest as though with one movement, at others perching on its edge, when the two surprisingly short bills of her half-fledged young could be seen projecting slightly beyond the rim of their downy home. This pose preceded

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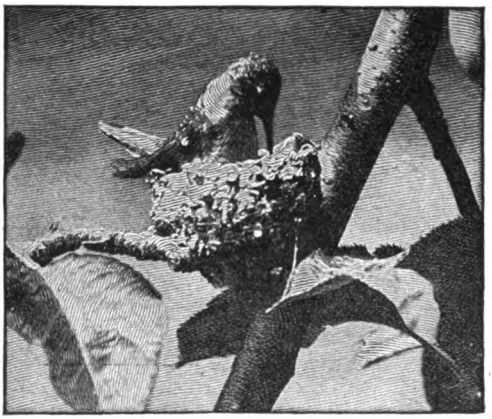

what has so well been described as the "frightful looking act" of feeding, of which the accompanying picture shows the attitude assumed by the parent.

On one occasion, we observed another Hummer in the vicinity; the bird flew directly up to the one on the nest, and evidently looked her straight in the eyes, but for so small a fragment of time that we do not know whether it was male or female. At any rate, the stranger seemed to be quite familiar with the air-line to the nest, though, as Mr. Burroughs said, it is possible that Hummers may have an eye for Hummers' nests.

Far less approachable was a Flicker, which, when we tapped gently at the base of her home in an old cherry stub, left the exit above with a precipitation defying the speed of a lens shutter.

The following morning was devoted to securing the picture of a Scarlet Tanager, whose home had been discovered by a good type of the all-seeing farmer's boy. Neither conditions of location, site, nor light were favorable, and after the camera had been fastened in the apple tree which the birds had selected for a home, it was found necessary to build a blind of bushes

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beneath a neighboring tree, whence the photographer could not see his subject. From a distance, therefore, with the aid of a glass, Mr. Burroughs kept watch and gave word when the exposure was to be made.

—FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

an'tidote: that which counteracts.—**peren'nial**: perpetual, unceasing.—**par'adox**: an assertion or sentiment seemingly contradictory.—**graph'ically**: vividly.—**precipita'tion**: haste.—**cas'ual**: that which happens without being expected or intended.

FAINT HEART NE'ER WON

It began with the conversation at our supper-table on the evening when our family had returned from the dedication of the library in Concord. On our drive home we had discussed the new building, the speeches, and Mr. Emerson's address on "Books and Reading."

"And now what we want," my father concluded, stirring his tea, "is a public library in Still Waters."

"We are far behind Concord in public spirit," my mother replied.

"It appears to me I have heard that said too often since I came to live in Still Waters. The town likes to talk about its own lack of public spirit."

"I tell you what, grandma," cried Tom, "they knew what they were about when they named this old town Still Waters."

"Yet what a quiet, tranquil place to live one's days!" my mother said, for she was by nature a peacemaker on every possible subject. "We have but few

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rich people," she continued. "Who is there but the Fays?"

"And Miss Horatia Budd."

"Mr. Fay is very generous, but we can't expect him to do everything. Miss Budd, though!"

"Every town has a curmudgeon," I remarked with my wisest air. "She's ours."

"She's the one to give us a library." My father was not often so jocose. "You'd better ask her, Phoebe."

"I bet you don't dare ring her doorbell, Phoebe Gay," said Master Tom.

"I have rung it once, myself," my mother laughed. "I went to ask her, since none of the other ladies would, if she were willing to give something to the fire sufferers. She complained it was always sufferers; if it wasn't one kind, then 'twas another. If you gave to one, you must give to the other, and if you gave to the other, you must give to the next. There was no end *to* it. 'Twas give, give, give. No, she didn't feel called upon. Folks must learn to be more careful of their *karrersene* lamps."

"Now I succeeded better," said my grandmother. "I saw her in her garden in her old sunbonnet, and I stepped up and asked her over the fence for a contribution to the Famine Fund. She gave me twenty-five cents."

"But what is to become of her money? She has only distant cousins, who have been given to understand that their attentions are not wanted."

"She ought to give Still Waters a library and a

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park and a band-stand and statues and fountains,—go for her, Phoebe!"

The next day, as usual, Florence Fay and I talked matters over. She had listened rapt to Mr. Emerson's discourse upon books, and had come home ardently desiring to found a library out of her own pocket money.

I mentioned Miss Budd. Even Florence Fay made a comical face.

"Wouldn't it be *fun* just to ask her?"

Florence was timid, but she had a dash of knight-errantry about her; she burned to do deeds. It was clear that to win over Miss Horatia Budd to the giving of a library would be a deed of no mean magnitude. The size of this undertaking was all that we could have asked for.

"Of course they never supposed I would, not even Tom. Wouldn't they be surprised?" Already I saw the walls of the new library rising before the astonished eyes of the community.

"I never could go alone," said I. "Oh, let's go soon, before we get frightened. Let's go Tuesday afternoon, and let's wear our prettiest clothes. Which shall speak to her first?"

"I believe in alphabetical order," Florence answered. "Then it comes out fair for everybody."

"Ha! I shall say, 'Good afternoon, Miss Budd,' and the real speech will come second. You will get that, Miss F."

"Phoebe Callender," said Florence, when Tuesday afternoon had arrived, and we were already halfway up Miss Budd's hill,—"Phoebe Callender, this is per-

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fectly crazy. This is the first time I ever knew you to do a perfectly wild thing. I am the one usually. Let us go home."

"Faint heart ne'er won——"

"Oh, but a fair lady would be nothing to this old woman."

"Florence Fay, do you want this town of Still Waters to have a library, or don't you?"

"Very well." Florence walked faster.

Miss Budd lived in a fine old house, but she chose to inhabit only the back part of it, with her maid, Nancy, who was a match for Miss Budd in queerness. Old Nancy stopped pumping, and stood and watched us as we approached the house.

"Good afternoon," said I from a safe distance.

"Ther' ain't nobody 't home; ther' ain't nobody 't home," and she shook her head hard at us.

That was half true, but I saw Miss Budd's sunbonnet down in the hollow.

My grandmother, in trying to give every fellow creature his due, had pointed out that Miss Budd seemed to be fond of outdoor things. "I've heard, besides, she couldn't do enough for her old father."

I thought it fortunate to approach Miss Budd among her apple-trees rather than among her parlor chairs and tables. Plainly, her first feeling towards a visitor was one of offense; she threw back her head and looked at us. Florence had on a scarlet jacket, and it arrested Miss Budd, as if she had been a wild, shy creature of the woods.

I stood still, too, and looked at her, with as uncom-

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fortable a feeling as I can remember in the course of my youth. I suddenly had a sinking sensation, the feeling that I was doing an impertinent thing, if only because I was young and Miss Budd was old.

But here we were, and Florence was waiting for me to do something. Quaking (and it served me right), I advanced upon Miss Budd.

"Stand still just where y' are, both of ye."

This greeting threw me quite out of my calculations.

"Keep right under that apple-tree bough till I take a picture of ye in my mind."

This was dreadfully disconcerting. It made us feel like children, rather than like public-spirited citizens of Still Waters, about to propose a large public benefaction.

"Those are Harrington sweets," said Miss Budd; "good for bakin'. Boys and girls like 'em raw. They're *apt* to come wanderin' in here,—boys especially; but help yourselves."

Florence Fay and I looked at each other in horror.

"Thank you very much," we answered, without regard to alphabetical order.

"I don't know as I know what your names are," said Miss Horatia Budd.

We introduced ourselves.

"*Phoebe,* now, sounds like old times. Phoebe was my grandmother's name."

My library speech was working farther away.

Florence was lost in imagination of a grandmother of Miss Horatia Budd, as she told me afterwards, and said not a word to help.

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"I know your folks, both of you. I know all about 'em," and Miss Budd closed her lips firmly on the remark, as if it were little good she knew of Fays or Callenders.

"Well, it is a pleasant afternoon," she said at last, with the effect of rising from one of her own parlor chairs, in order to dismiss us. I had seen my mother help awkward boys out of the room in the same way, when they did not know how to finish a call.

It was a terrible moment for me. Should I, with Florence Fay there to see, turn miserably around and run home?

"Miss Budd," I faltered,—Miss B—Budd, we hope there is going to be a public library in Still Waters, and we wondered if you would——"

"Who sent ye to me?"

"We came ourselves," I answered, in my firmest voice. "We knew you had always lived in Still Waters, and your father and your grandfather, and we thought you would like to have it a memorial to your family here forever and forever, after everybody's dead."

This cheerful suggestion seemed to have an effect.

"It ought to be built of good stone and mortar, then."

I was delighted. "You would have a tablet."

"A kind of a tombstone up over the door," she assented, to my joy.

"And you would hang your father's portrait in the library."

"And like as not my own."

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"Oh, yes," a little less joyfully.

"It's a fine idea," said Miss Horatia Budd, with sarcasm now apparent; "but you can go home and tell your father I shan't do anything of the kind."

I looked at Florence for help. "Miss Budd, our fathers don't know we came. They wouldn't have let us, probably. It was Phoebe's own idea. Because you know, Miss Budd, a town that hasn't a public library isn't a town that people want to come to live in. They would rather go and live in Concord."

"Concord! Ugh!"

I gave Florence a quick look, and she described the beauties of the new Concord library.

"So they tell me! So they tell me!" said Miss Budd sharply and angrily.

"Air you a reader?" She turned on me. I tried to convey that I thought well of books, but that I was no such reader as Florence Fay.

"Well, I'm one myself, though I don't see many books. They're expensive to buy. I suppose, if I was to build a library, you'd let me take out books myself."

"Oh, yes," we cried, "as many as you wanted."

"Huh!" replied Miss Budd. "Well, I shan't do anything of the kind. Think of the money."

"It's the best way anybody could spend money."

Miss Budd looked at me as if platitudes from young people were more than she could stand. It was Florence she turned to.

"Give me a book, and the longest winter evenings, I've always got company. Folks think I'm lonely. I ain't a bit."

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"That's the very reason you would *enjoy* giving a library, Miss Budd," said Florence ardently. "You'd think of all the loneliness it was preventing."

"I ain't ready for any such outlay. How much did your father calculate?"

I had heard twenty thousand dollars mentioned.

Miss Budd held up her hands. "There may be folks that have got such sums to give. If they choose to do it, I don't criticise. Before you go, just stand together under that tree."

Miss Budd held her head to one side, as if she had been a photographer. We certainly "looked pleasant," and so did Miss Horatia Budd, as we bade her good-by.

We were at the foot of the hill before we discussed our visit.

"Did you ever?"

"Never in all my life," said Florence. "I like her. She is a character, and most people aren't."

"I am glad they aren't," was my opinion.

"She hasn't so very much to think about, and I believe she will think a great deal about our visit. I like to think of her thinking of us."

"That is because you have read George Eliot so much," said I respectfully. "Miss Budd is like a character in Dickens, though. He would make her give that library. That is why I like Dickens."

Florence and I differed as to the success of our undertaking. I predicted that we should never hear one word from Miss Horatia Budd. Weeks and months passed by, and Florence, too, lost hope. March came, and March tenth, the date of Town meeting. My

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father came home from business at noon, made a careful toilet, and was at the Town Hall by two o'clock. Stores were closed. Farmers' horses from the "districts" and "quarters" and "corners" of Still Waters occupied every hitching-post on Main Street. Their owners represented the landed interest, and were the conservatives in town politics. "The town" was the progressive faction. Long were the contests of the two parties, lasting far into the dusk. Meanwhile, the feminine part of Still Waters waited supper.

At last my father came, and by the way he took off his overcoat, we could see he had news to tell.

"Don't let us delay supper any longer. All of you come to the table, and then——"

"I am afraid it's gas going to be introduced," said my grandmother, who belonged to the conservatives.

"Well," said my father slowly, "we've got our own town library at last!"

And I, helping the family to apple sauce, must sit quiet and listen—not jump, or dance, or shout!

"Who do you suppose has given it?"

"Oh, who?" I gasped.

"What did I tell you months ago? Miss Horatia Budd was the woman that had the money; and by George, she's done it!"

We were all too astonished to speak, and my father was able to continue. "It seems the old lady has some family sentiment, wants to have the library a memorial to her father, and to have his portrait hung where you will see it as you go in."

I gasped another "Oh!"

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"She said she had been thinking of it a long while. She wrote a very good letter—said she was fond of books, poor soul! This will make folks think better of her right off."

"I always told you she had her good qualities," nodded my grandmother.

My brother Tom was looking hard at me. "I tell you what—don't you remember last fall—I bet 'twas Phoebe!"

I looked at my mother and then at my father, and then—how absurd! my eyes filled with tears, and I could not speak a word.

"Phoebe, you're a great girl," said Tom admiringly, and it was sweet to hear.

"Tell us the story, my dear child."

"Upon my word," my father said, when I had ended, "youthful audacity has its uses. It would never have occurred to me to tackle Miss Horatia Budd."

"'Twas you, your very self, that first suggested it, papa."

"My poor joke has turned out a very good one."

Finally, my father advised us to keep this little matter to ourselves. It was hardly a subject to be gossiped about. We all agreed, and to this day, only the Fays and the Callenders know how Still Waters came to have a library.

—Helen Dawes Brown.

curmudg'eon: miser.—**jocose'**: given to jesting, merry.—**mag'nitude**: size.—**plat'itudes**: commonplace remarks.—**conserv'atives**: those who desire to maintain existing conditions.—**audac'ity**: boldness.

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TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with heaven's own blue,
That openest, when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

—William Cullen Bryant.

ceru'lean: sky-colored, blue.

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THE TEMPEST

PART I

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or a cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods, a strange, misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would

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have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban had inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes, tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

"O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the

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good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I can remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neg-

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lecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the Duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm?"

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"Know, then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and, though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and the terrors of the mariners; and how the King's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the King his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the King and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved."

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"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray you remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect from what a torment I freed you. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born?"

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

Prospero: prŏs'pē-rō.—**Miranda**: mĭ-răn'dä.—**Sycorax**: sĭk'ō-răks.—**Ariel**: ā'rĭ-ĕl.—**Caliban**: kăl'ĭ-băn.—**Milan**: mĭl'*a*n.—**Gonzalo**: gŏn-zä'lō.

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THE TEMPEST

Part II

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw the Prince, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing:

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark, now I hear them—Ding-dong-bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the Prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now, Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered

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by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and, from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight, but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way; therefore, advancing, he addressed the Prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he; "I will tie your neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shellfish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food."

"No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying: "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety.

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This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied: "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the Prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats and the weakness which I feel would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she,

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"do not work so hard; my father is at his studies—he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs awhile." But to this Ferdinand would by no means agree. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, and the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had given Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them, invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command to do so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded that of all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But,

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sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish: my girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the inno-

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cent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

fatigue (fȧ-tēg'): weariness.—**pre'cepts**: teachings.—**amends'**: payment for a loss.

THE TEMPEST

Part III

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused

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them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the King, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in his train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered him-

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self to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the King knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness; and the King expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother; and Prospero forgave them, and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you, too"; and, opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and the excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us and brought us thus together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had made when he first saw Miranda, "she is mortal, but by mortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter of this Prospero who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life—he has made

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himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the King; "but oh, how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness!"

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the King's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from the first landing on this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

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Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers.

"My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom."

"Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!"

Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In the cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nup-

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tials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the King said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

—Charles and Mary Lamb.

vora'cious: greedy in eating.—**uncouth** (ŭn-kōōth'): awkward.—**nup'tials**: marriage.—**con'voy**: an escort for protection or guidance.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of a song?

Long, long, afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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THE BOAT RACE

The crew had just finished their early dinner. Hark! the first gun! The St. Ambrose crew fingered their oars, put a last dash of grease on their row-locks, and settled their feet against the stretchers. "Shall we push her off?" asked "bow." "No, I can give you another minute," said the coxswain, who was sitting, watch in hand, in the stern; "only be smart when I give the word. Eight seconds more only. Look out for the flash. Remember, all eyes in the boat."

There it comes, at last—the flash of the starting gun. Long before the sound of the report can roll up the river, the whole pent-up life and energy which has been held in leash, as it were, for the last six minutes, is let loose, and breaks away with a bound and a dash which he who has felt it will remember for his life, but the like of which will he ever feel again? The starting ropes drop from the coxswain's hands, the oars flash into the water, and gleam on the leather, the spray flies from them, and the boats leap forward.

The crowds on the bank scatter and rush along, each keeping as near as it may be to its own boat. Some of the men are on the towing path, some on the very edge of, often in, the water—some slightly in advance, as if they could help to drag their boat forward; some behind, where they can see the pulling better—but all are running at full speed, in wild excitement, and shouting at the top of their voices to those on whom the honor of the college is laid. "Well pulled, all!" "Pick her up there, five!" "You're gaining every stroke!"

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"Time in the bows!" "Bravo, St. Ambrose!" On they rushed by the side of the boats, jostling one another, stumbling, struggling, and panting along.

For the first ten strokes Tom Brown was in too great fear of making a mistake to feel or hear or see. His whole soul was glued to the back of the man before him, his one thought to keep time, and get his strength into the stroke. But as the crew settled down into the well-known long sweep, consciousness returned. While every muscle in his body was straining, and his chest heaved, and his heart leaped, every nerve seemed to be gathering new life and his senses to wake into unwonted acuteness.

He caught the scent of the wild thyme in the air, and found room in his brain to wonder how it could have got there, as he had never seen the plant near the

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river nor smelt it before. Though his eye never wandered from the back of the man in front of him, he seemed to see all things at once; and amid the babel of voices, and the dash and pulse of the stroke, and the laboring of his own breathing he heard a voice coming to him again and again, and clear as if there had been no other sound in the air: "Steady, two! steady! well pulled! steady, steady!"

The voice seemed to give him strength and keep him to his work. And what work it was! he had had many a hard pull in the last six weeks, but "never aught like this." But it can't last forever; men's muscles are not steel, or their lungs bull's hide, and hearts can't go on pumping a hundred miles an hour for long without bursting. The St. Ambrose boat is well away from the boat behind. There is a great gap between the accompanying crowds. And now, as they near the Gut, she hangs for a moment or two in hand, though the roar from the banks grows louder and louder, and Tom is already aware that the St. Ambrose crowd is melting into the one ahead of them.

"We must be close to Exeter!" The thought flashes into him and into the rest of the crew at the same moment. For, all at once, the strain seems taken off their arms again. There is no more drag. She springs to the stroke as she did at the start; and the coxswain's face, which had darkened for a few seconds, lightens up again. "You're gaining! you're gaining!" now and then he mutters to the captain, who responds with a look, keeping his breath for other matters. Isn't he grand, the captain, as he comes forward

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like lightning, stroke after stroke, his back flat, his teeth set, his whole frame working from the hips with the steadiness of a machine? As the space still narrows, the eyes of the fiery little coxswain flash with excitement.

The two crowds are mingled now, and no mistake; and the shouts come all in a heap over the water. "Now, St. Ambrose, six strokes more!" "Now, Exeter, you're gaining; pick her up!" "Mind the Gut, Exeter!" "Bravo, St. Ambrose!" The water rushes by, still eddying from the strokes of the boat ahead. Tom fancies now he can hear the voice of their coxswain. In another moment both boats are in the Gut, and a storm of shouts reaches them from the crowd. "Well steered, well steered, St. Ambrose!" is the cry. Then the coxswain, motionless as a statue till now, lifts his right hand and whirls the tassel round his head: "Give it her now, boys; six strokes and we are into them!"

And while a mighty sound of shouts, murmurs, and music went up into the evening sky, the coxswain shook the tiller ropes again, the captain shouted, "Now, then, pick her up!" and the St. Ambrose boat shot up between the swarming banks at racing pace to her landing-place, the lion of the evening.

—Thomas Hughes.

"bow": the man who pulls the oar in the bow, or front, of the boat.—**cox'swain**: the man who steers the boat.—**Gut**: a narrow passage of water.

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THE AMERICAN ROBIN

This bird has several names besides American Robin. He is called also Red-breasted Thrush, Migratory Thrush, and Robin Redbreast.

It is only when he is a baby that you could guess our robin is really a thrush, for then the dark speckles on his plump little yellowish-white breast are prominent thrush-like markings, which gradually fade, however, as he grows old enough to put on a brick-red vest like his father's.

The European Cock Robin—a bird as familiar to you as our own, no doubt, because it was he who was killed by the Sparrow with the bow and arrow, you well remember, and it was he who covered the poor Babes in the Wood with leaves—is much smaller than our robin, even smaller than a sparrow, and he is not a thrush at all. But this hero of the storybooks has a red breast, and the English colonists, who settled this country, named our big, cheerful, lusty bird neighbor a robin, simply because his red breast reminded them of the wee little bird at home that they had loved when they were children.

When our American robin comes out of the turquoise blue egg that his devoted mother has warmed into life, he usually finds three or four baby brothers and sisters huddled within the grassy cradle. In April, both parents worked hard to prepare this home for them. Having brought coarse grasses, roots, and a few leaves or weed stalks for the foundation, and pellets of mud in their bills for the inner walls (which

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they cleverly managed to smooth into a bowl shape without a mason's trowel), and fine grasses for the lining of the nest, they saddled it on the limb of an old apple tree. Robins prefer low branching orchard or shade trees near our homes to the tall, straight shafts of the forest. Some have the courage to build among the vines or under the shelter of our piazzas. I know a pair of robins that reared a brood in a little clipped bay tree in a tub next to a front door, where people passed in and out continually. Doubtless very many birds would be glad of the shelter of our comfortable homes for theirs if they could only trust us. Is it not a shame that they cannot? Robins, especially, need a roof over their heads. When they foolishly saddle their nest on an exposed limb of a tree, the first heavy rain is likely to soften the mud walls, and wash apart the heavy, bulky structure, when

"Down tumble babies, cradle and all."

It is wiser of them to fit the nest into the supporting crotch of a tree, as many do, and the wisest thing is to choose the top of a piazza pillar, where boys and girls and cats cannot climb to molest them, nor storms dissolve their mud-walled nursery. There are far too many tragedies of the nests after every heavy spring rain.

Suppose your appetite were so large that you were compelled to eat more than your weight of food every day, and suppose you had three or four brothers and sisters, just your own size, and just as ravenously hungry. These are the conditions in every normal robin

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family, so you can easily imagine how hard the father and mother birds must work to keep their fledglings' crops filled. No wonder robins like to live near our homes where the enriched land contains many fat grubs, and the smooth lawns, that they run across so lightly, make hunting for earth worms easy. It is estimated that about fourteen feet of worms (if placed end to end) are drawn out of the ground daily by a pair of robins with a nestful of babies to feed.

When one of the parents alights near its home, every child must have seen the little heads, with wide-stretched, yellow bills, pop up suddenly like Jacks-in-the-box. How rudely the greedy babies push and jostle one another to get the most dinner, and how noisily they clamor for it! Earth worms are the staff of life to them just as bread is to children, but robins destroy quantities of other worms and insects more injurious to the farmers' crops, so that the strawberries and cherries they take in June should not be grudged them.

A man of science, who devoted many hours of study to learn the great variety of sounds made by common barnyard chickens in expressing their entire range of feeling, from the eggshell to the ax, could entertain an audience delightfully for an evening by imitating them. Similar study applied to robins would reveal as surprisingly rich results but probably less funny. No bird that we have has so varied a repertoire as Robin Goodfellow, and I do not believe that any boy or girl alive could recognize him by every one of his calls and songs. His softly warbled salute to the sunrise differs from his lovely even-song just as widely as the rapturous

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melody of his courting days differs from the more subdued, tranquil love song to his brooding mate. Indignation, suspicion, fright, interrogation, peace of mind, hate, caution to take flight—these and a host of other thoughts are expressed through his flexible voice.

Toward the end of June, you may see robins flying in flocks after sun down. Old males and young birds of the first brood scatter themselves over the country by day to pick up the best living they can, but at night they collect in large numbers at some favorite roosting place. Oftentimes the weary mother birds are now raising the second broods. We like to believe that the fathers return from the roosts at sun-up to help supply those insatiable babies with worms throughout the long day.

After family cares are over for the year, robins moult, and then they hide, mope, and keep silent for a while. But in September, in a suit of new feathers, they are feeling vigorous and cheerful again; and, gathering in friendly flocks, they roam about the woodland borders to feed on the dogwood, choke cherries, juniper berries and other small fruits. You see they change their diet with the season. By dropping the undigested berry seeds far and wide, they plant great numbers of trees and shrubs as they travel. Birds help to make the earth beautiful. With them every day is Arbor Day.

—Neltje Blanchan.

răv'enously: devouring with eagerness.—**repertoire** (rĕp' ẽr-twär): a list of things that a company or person has rehearsed and is ready to perform.—**insatiable** (ĭn-sā' shȧ-b'l): incapable of being satisfied.

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WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, 1776

The time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness, from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us then rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our

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bleeding and insulted country; our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us, only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but, remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive—wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

mer'cenary: one who serves for pay.

HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT, APRIL 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

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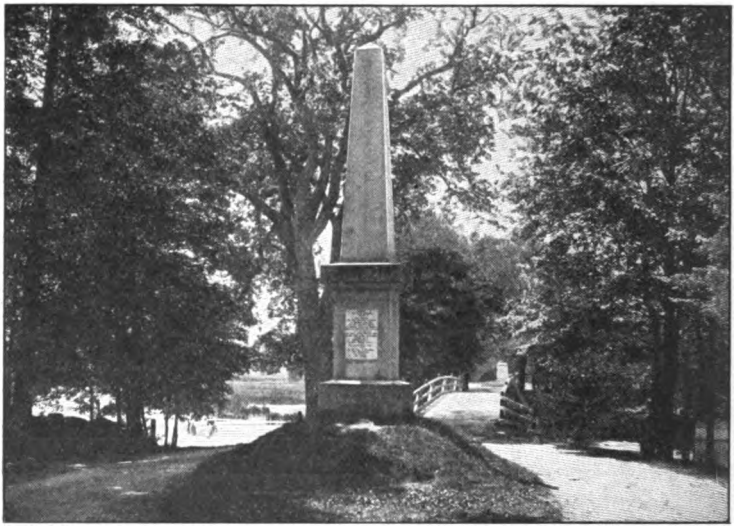

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, to leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

vo'tive: consecrated by a vow.

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OUR FIRST WHALE

Part I

The vessel was now headed for the coast of Africa, distant from this point of Madagascar about one hundred and seventy miles.

Each day now the officers became more anxious to see whales. It is quite usual with whalemen, at least to meet with whales on their outward passage, and not at all uncommon to take some valuable prizes before reaching the regular cruising-grounds. Up to this time, however, we had not yet seen a spout, except that of an occasional blackfish or finback, and had not succeeded in capturing even a porpoise. We were now three months out and had not yet on board oil enough to keep a lamp alight in the forecastle—a sad prospect for men to whom oil is the representative of dollars, and blubber, of the native ore.

"Five dollars," said the captain one morning, as the men repaired to the mastheads, "to the man that raises a sperm whale spout."

"I'll put three pounds of tobacco to that," spoke up the mate.

"And I, a bunch of cigars," said the second mate.

This set every one agog, and after breakfast the rigging and mastheads were crowded with men, eager to win the promised reward.

But it was not on that day, nor the next, that we were to fall in with the objects of our search. Not till we had been two weeks upon the ground, did we see a spout of any kind. Then one forenoon a shrill scream

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of "There-she-blows!" from the foremasthead, proclaimed that somebody thought himself entitled to the reward.

All hands rushed upon deck, and the captain and mate were half way to the royal masthead ere the repetition, although in a very moderate tone, of the first cry, assured them that there was in reality a spout seen. Casting his eyes in the direction indicated by the masthead man, the mate exclaimed at once, with a disappointed growl:

"It's a finback, you leatherhead; there's no prize offered for such."

"I told him so," grumbled the boatsteerer, who stood at the mainmasthead, "but he would not believe anything I said, thinking I wanted to claim the prize for myself."

Two days thereafter, as the mate stepped into the rigging, at daybreak, to take a preliminary look around, he shouted, in the utmost excitement, "There blows! there! there blows! by the great horn spoon, boys! a whole school just under our lee bow."

All hands were upon deck in a moment, and the greater part of the crew at once jumped into the rigging, anxious to see at last a real sperm whale spout, and half prepared, from the mate's excited manner, to see the whales themselves close aboard.

About two miles and a half off, on our lee bow, a small school of what the captain, examining them with a good telescope, declared to be large whales, lay disporting themselves on the waves, now lazily rolling "fin up," now making the white water fly,

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as they threw their vast bodies clear of their native element.

Sail was immediately made upon the ship, and then, while the masthead men, with the captain, kept up the musical cry of "There blows!" varied occasionally by such exclamations as "There's white water!" "There he breaches!" we hurriedly prepared the boats for the day's work before us. Line tubs were placed, lines were fastened on, iron sheaths were taken off, and a last whetting was given to the irons. Boats were prepared, and oars were loosened and laid in their proper places, water kegs were filled, boat sails were unlashed, and all the various details were duly attended to which experience has proven necessary for such occasions. All was life and bustle, and we were once more enlivened by a little real excitement.

"There goes flukes!" from the masthead, proclaimed the close of the first scene of the day's drama; and immediately thereafter, "breakfast, all of you," from the cook, caused each man to rush hurriedly to the galley for his share of hot slop—coffee, it is called by courtesy; but no one who had ever drunk Mocha, Java, or Rio would own it to be such.

Hastily washing down a couple of biscuits with this preparation, we were ready for the word to "man the

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boats," and were at the side as soon as the captain showed his head above the gangway.

"Stand by to lower away, shipkeepers," was the word now, and we prepared to follow the boats down as they were lowered, ready to leap into them as soon as they should strike the water.

In attempting this feat, one of the second mate's crew mistook the distance, and fell into the water, from which he was fished up sputtering and shivering, receiving from the captain the consolatory advice to "never mind that, as it was all clean water."

It was a beautiful morning. There was just enough of breeze to make the sails of more use than the oars, and sufficient sea to admit of an easy approach to a whale. The glorious sunrise, the balmy air, and the unwonted excitement all united to put us in excellent spirits, and many a joke was exchanged on expected mishaps, as we put up our boat sails and set out for the scene of action.

The position which each of the four boats was to take had been previously arranged, and as the whales had not appeared to be in motion when first seen, it was supposed that they would rise not far from the place where they had gone down. Accordingly, when we judged ourselves within a quarter of a mile of this spot we hove to our boat, preferring to remain at that distance to windward as it would be easy enough to sail down, but more difficult to pull up, did we fall to leeward. The other boats were shortly hove to likewise, and now we lay in silence, awaiting the reappearance of our prey.

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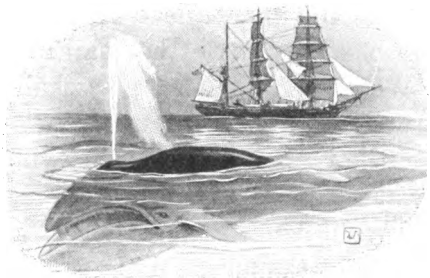
Every eye and ear was on the alert, ready to catch the slightest motion or sound; for none could tell how soon the school would appear at the surface.

"I thought I heard a spout," said the boatsteerer in a whisper. In his eagerness he had climbed up on the bow, anxiously peering over the waves as the boat was lifted upon the swell. A moment's silent listening convinced him that it was nothing but a seabreak, and we again strained our eyes for the expected sight.



"There blows! I told you I would see him first," said the mate, joyfully, as he pointed to a thin, bushy spray just melting out of sight.

"There blows again!" cried the boatsteerer, adding in a somewhat mortified tone, "I was looking another way, or I should have seen it first."

"There, and there—and there—there blows!—there are seven or eight big whales—I can see them now from my place," continued Barnard, the boatsteerer, whom I was yet holding up on the bow, the dancing motion of the boat making it impossible for him to maintain that position unsupported.

"Sit down now, and we'll sail slowly down toward them; I want to see in what direction they are going to stand."

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We were nearest to the fish, and it was evident that no other boat but ours could approach them favorably.

"Pull a little," said the mate.

We shot her rapidly ahead with the oars for a few strokes, and then raised them again, the boat making good headway under her sail alone.

We could not hear the whales spout, and when a heavy swell came rolling home, we fancied we could hear their huge bodies burrowing through the water. It was a time of intense excitement.

"We'll have to stand across a little, in order to get up behind them," said the mate; it being impossible to approach a sperm whale unperceived from the side.

After making a little detour, we again stood toward the school, and the mate singled out one huge fellow nearest us, and happily the largest of the school, as our prize.

Each individual of the crew had received from the mate, on first lowering, some final instructions as to his special duties in case we should get fast; and we now sat stock still in the boat, oars firmly grasped and ready for instant use, and scarcely breathing for excitement. We were fast overtaking his whaleship.

Now the hoarse bellow, as he ejected the water from his spoutholes, grew louder, and looking over my shoulder as the boat was lifted on a mighty swell, I saw the huge form of the whale, stupidly rolling in the waves.

"Stand up, you sir," the mate whispers to the boat-steerer—a needless command, as that worthy has not

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yet sat down, and now stands with iron poised in hand, and knee braced, ready for action.

"Pull a little, starboard."

The boat is laid round, to get a fairer chance.

Now she rises on a wave and the fish seems almost under us, and now——

"Give it to him, you sir!"

"And the other one!"

A heavy stroke of his flukes, which drenched us with spray, and the whiz of the line, told that we were "fast."

"Hurrah!" shouted the glad boatsteerer, "wet line! wet line!"

Flake after flake of the line rushed overboard, with a rapidity almost beyond conception; one tub was already empty, and half the other was gone before a little slacking gave us to understand that the whale had "gone his length," and was now probably returning to the surface: an operation which would take out line nearly as fast as the first sounding, were it not that it is held back by several turns about the loggerhead in the stern. The mate had meantime taken his place in the bow, and the lances were out, and lying in their rests when the whale reappeared on the surface some ship-lengths ahead, leaping nearly his entire length out of the water, and falling back with a report like distant thunder, and a splash which for the moment threatened to fill the boat.

"Haul in slack line, boys, let's get up to him. There he lies, quite still; take your oars and pull up."

But the weight of the line hanging overboard ren-

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dered it impossible to manage the boat, and we were compelled to get this in first. By this time the whale was slowly forging ahead, evidently scarcely knowing what course of action would be wisest under the circumstances.

"Now haul up."

Having obtained a strain on the line, we pulled the boat on. But just as we got within dart, the whale again sounded—not deep, however—and when he reappeared, the rest of the school were with him, and they were going off at the rate of several miles an hour, of course taking us with them.

Now, however, we hauled the boat up, and the mate sent a lance quivering into the whale's flesh—but not into a fatal part, as we could not get far enough in advance of our fish to afford a fair chance.

With a splash of his flukes, the whale sounded again, and commenced running under water, a proceeding which was kept up during the whole of a chase which lasted from this time—about half-past eight—till after four o'clock, when occurred the misfortune which wound up our day's sport.

sperm whale: a large, toothed whale having a very big head in which there is a large cavity that is filled with oil and a white waxy substance called spermaceti.—**royal**: a small sail, the fourth in order from the deck.—**lee bow**: the side of the bow opposite to that against which the wind blows.—**prelim'inary**: that which comes before the main business.—**breaches**: said of a whale when he breaks the water by leaping out.—**"There goes flukes"**: that is, the whale's *flukes*, as the parts of his tail are called, are disappearing under water.—**detour'**: a round-about way.—**starboard**: the right side of a boat, facing forward. The left side is called *port*.—**loggerhead**: an upright piece of round timber, over which a turn of the line is taken when it is running out too fast.

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OUR FIRST WHALE

Part II

The whales—there were seven in all—ran to the leeward, that is to say, in a direction parallel to that of the wind, contrary to their usual practice in such cases, which is to start at once right in the teeth of the breeze.

While their present course made it much easier for the boats to follow and perhaps catch up with us, it much increased the difficulty of our approach, for the purpose of lancing, as in such cases much care is needed, else the boat might be dashed upon the whale by the billows which bore her onward.

We had, however, lanced but twice—both times ineffectually—when the fish increased their speed to seven or eight miles an hour, and as they ran almost continually under water, it was altogether impossible to reach our whale with the lance, even had we been able to get the boat sufficiently near to him.

On, on, on we swept, the other boats, with sails and oars, pulling might and main to catch up with us, and the ship, with every rag of canvas set, bringing up the rear.

Whenever there seemed a possibility of reaching the whale, the boat was hauled up and a lance duly hurled at him; but with little effect, and each wound seemed only to add to his speed. This was soon such that — the breeze having to some degree failed—we were fast dropping ship and boats in the distance.

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At one o'clock, by the sun, we ate our dinner, consisting of a biscuit and a pint of water for each man—vowing internally, and taking our empty stomachs to witness, never again to get into a whaleboat without previously filling our pockets with provisions.

At two we saw the last of the boats, and shortly afterward the royals of our ship faded away in the dim distance, leaving us quite alone with our huge friends, who were still going along at the same rapid pace, and puffing away like so many Mississippi steamers.

On, on, on we were borne, seemingly as though never to stop. Now the school would slack a little in their speed, and we would haul up to lance. Then they would start up again, and for half an hour at a time we would sit still, singing songs or devising plans whereby we might outwit our wary enemy.

"Be jabers, it is much better to sit here idle than to be sweating at the oars, as the other boys are doing," said an Irish Yankee, who pulled the tub oar. "An' begorra, it's our first whale, anyhow, let them talk as they will."

"It's not our whale till we kill him, Paddy; they don't count whales till they are tried out and stowed down," remarked the mate.

"If that's the case," was the answer, "it's time we were getting a nearer view of him than we've had yet."

The mate evidently thought so, too. Wearied with waiting for a favorable opportunity, about four o'clock it was determined to make an effort, running every risk for the sake of getting a dart at the whale's life.

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"Pull the boat up," said the mate, with an air which showed that something was to be done.

"Now, Charley," to the present writer, "hang on to the line, and don't slack till I give the word. Let her shoot ahead by the bow cleat."

"Lay the boat around," to the boat-steerer. This maneuver gave us a better chance, and a lance was sent quivering into the whale's body. A stroke of his flukes on the water just ahead of us was the quick reply.

"Hold on tight—don't drop her an inch astern," cried the mate, as the whale came to almost a dead stop.

"Now I'll get a set on you!" he muttered between his clenched teeth, as the boat shot up against his broad side. He placed his lance fairly, and sent it home, with the whole weight of his body. As it touched his life, the whale dashed down headfirst, in the motion striking his flukes against the boat's bottom, and breaking two or three planks. No sooner had he felt her, however, than, turning with lightning speed, he returned to the surface headforemost, open-mouthed, striking and thrusting with his long, slender jaw as though it were a sword. One blow from this jaw stove in the whole bow of the boat, and she filled and turned over, almost before we could leap into the water.

To grasp oars and whatever else would float, was

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the first act of each, on finding himself overboard. The mate in a few minutes succeeded in gaining the bottom of the wrecked boat, and with his assistance the rest gathered there, each keeping in his hand an oar to assist him when, as frequently occurred, a sea larger than usual swept us from our narrow perch.

The first glance about disclosed to us our antagonist, lying at the distance of a short oar's length from the boat, side and side with us. He was spouting thin blood, and the disagreeable thought suggested itself at once to several of us, "Suppose he goes into his flurry while we are lying here helpless."

"We must hope for the best, boys, and meantime look out for the boats and the sharks," was the mate's answer to this suggestion. "But if he goes off in a flurry, you need none of you expect to see your mammas again."

When we had hoisted a shirt upon a lance-pole, as a signal of distress, and lashed three oars across the boat, to keep her from continually rolling over, barrel fashion, we found ourselves at the end of our resources, and had leisure to look our fate in the face. It is needless to describe how anxiously we watched each motion of the whale—how the color of his spouts was critically discussed, and every spasmodic twitch of his flukes was thought to mean some evil. Suffice it to say that, fortunately for us, the mate's lance had not touched him in any very vulnerable spot, and that after lying for half an hour side by side with the boat, and for another half hour in such a position that with every swell our boat's sharp stern rubbed against his

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side, just as the sun sank below the horizon he turned flukes, and to our great relief, came up at a distance from us of some half dozen ship's lengths. It should have been before mentioned that from the moment when our boat was stove, all the other whales who had till then borne us company disappeared, and we saw them no more.

Scarcely had "our whale" risen to the surface, when we saw a boat sail at but a short distance off. It was fast growing dark, as there is scarcely any twilight in those latitudes, so that it was with no ordinary joy we hailed the approach of what proved to be the captain's boat.

"Are you all there?" he asked, as he came within hail.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, just hang on there till I kill your whale," was the cool reply. Saying which, he turned the boat toward the fish. She had scarcely come within two boat's lengths of the whale when, snapping his jaws together with a sharp report which showed that his anger was fully roused, he made for the boat.

"Stern all! Back water for your lives!" cried the captain, slipping the sheet, fortunately, just in time to escape the angry rush of the whale, who glided beneath the surface, and rose again at a short distance astern.

The boat was laid round, and a few strokes of the oars brought her again within his reach, when he repeated his former action, and it was only by the most strenuous exertion that the crew succeeded in backing

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out of his track. This time, however, the boatsteerer had managed to plant an iron in him, and a shout announced that he was not given up yet. But a groan of disappointment succeeded the shout, as the line suddenly slackening announced that the iron had drawn, and the whale was "loose," going off with two irons and two tubs of lines fast to him, and spouting blood at that.

It was now quite dark, and we were not sorry to be taken off our wreck into the captain's boat. Meantime the other two boats and the ship had neared us, and after half an hour's pulling we arrived on board, where a good supper (for a whaleship) awaited us.

"Well, Paddy," said the mate next morning, as we were washing down the decks, "what will you take for your share of our first whale?"

—CHARLES NORDHOFF.

wa'ry: cautious, careful.—**cleat**: a device of wood or metal, having two arms around which turns may be taken with a rope so as to hold securely and yet be readily released.—**maneuver** (mȧ-nōō-vẽr): management or change of position.—**antag'onist**: one who contends with another.—**flurry**: the violent spasms of a dying whale.—**vul'nerable**: capable of being wounded or injured.

THE MOB

When school is opened or when it is dismissed, I see the boys and girls file in and out. The teacher gives the word, and they go quietly and in order each one to his seat or to the playground. You might think them soldiers, and the teacher an officer. "Attention!" cries the captain; "forward, march!" and the

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company, or the regiment, or the great army itself, moves on without confusion. Almost all of you have seen soldiers on the march in some peaceful procession, but none of you have ever seen them in battle, and I hope you never may.

In battle, too, they do as they are told—they obey orders; but sometimes it happens that they are beaten by the enemy and are forced to retreat. The captain may wave his sword and cry "Forward!" but they do not dare to go forward lest they be shot down; or the captain himself has been killed, and there is nobody to tell them what to do, nor any one whom they will obey. A great fear—what is called a panic—seizes on them all, and the retreat becomes a rout: each man thinks only of himself and how he shall save his life; they throw down their guns and their knapsacks, they get in each other's way—the road is blocked, the narrow bridge is blocked—all shout together, and push one another, and trample upon or ride over one another, or crowd one another into the water. It is terrible. The army is no longer an army, it has become a *mob*.

So it might be in school. If the building should catch fire, or if only some thoughtless boy cried "Fire!" and made the scholars think it was really so, then there might be a mad rush for the door and the stairs; all could not get out at once or down at once; there would be a jam. The smallest and the weakest would be crushed or even smothered to death; those who fell would be trodden on, perhaps killed. If all got out alive, it would be with torn clothes,

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scratches, bruises, and very likely broken bones. Had they obeyed their captain, the teacher, they would have gone out one by one or two by two, in half the time, and nobody would have been hurt. Had they stopped to think, they would have said to themselves, "The door is only three feet wide, and was meant for one person to pass through at a time; or, it is six feet wide, for two to pass. If forty or fifty of us try to get through together, the doorway will be choked; no one can get out, and while we are struggling with one another, we may all be burnt up."

But mobs do not think; if they did, they would not be mobs. A frightened flock of sheep does not think when it runs first in this direction after one leader, then in that, after another. The horse, like boys and girls, is generally a sensible animal; he thinks, and he learns to obey. A light touch of the reins or a word spoken to him makes him go as we wish. He is a soldier. But let him be frightened on the road by a piece of paper or by the cars, a panic seizes him and off he bolts. He minds no longer the rein or the driver's voice! he ceases to be a soldier. His running away startles other horses along the road, and they too cease to think and to obey, and then there is a mob of horses.

Travelers on the great plains of the West, before there were any railroads, used to fasten their horses at night so as to keep them from straying off from the camp. Often the Indians would come up in the dark and frighten the horses, and when these had broken loose would catch them and steal them. This was called stampeding them.

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One of the reasons why we send children to school is to keep them from turning into a mob, and from being stampeded like horses and cattle. The more ignorant we are, the more easily we are frightened; and when we are frightened and in fear of our lives, we often behave more like savage beasts than like men.

In the year 1832 the cholera broke out in Paris, and thousands died of it. It was then a new and strange disease, and everybody was made cowardly by it. No one understood, as we do now, what caused it or how it could be cured or prevented. The poorest people in that great city were terror-stricken. When so many died and so few recovered, they were ready to believe any rumor that came to their ears. Some said, "We are all being poisoned," and it was really believed that men went about poisoning the water in the public drinking-fountains. Others said, "And the doctors in the hospitals have too many patients to attend to; some they try to cure, and the rest they poison to get rid of them." Then everybody was on the lookout for poisoners.

You may read some day a story of these cholera times in Paris, written by a Frenchman. It tells of an unfortunate man suspected and accused of being a poisoner. He denies it, but it is of no use. They try to seize him in a shop and he breaks loose and runs into the street—into the square. They run after him, and now a great crowd gathers about him. Do they hold him till they can call the police to arrest him and take him before the judge to be tried, and punished if found guilty? No, this is a mob, and it

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already believes the man guilty and is going to punish him without a trial. It means to kill him just as if he were a mad dog. Men and women strike him as he comes near them, or throw things at him, even their wooden shoes, and by and by, though a giant, he falls down and is trampled to death by the cruel mob. All this takes place on an island in the River Seine, in front of the great church of Notre Dame. A part of the mob drags the body to one of the bridges and tosses it over into the water.

Another part of the mob has already found another victim. It is a priest who knew the man they were murdering, and cried out, "He is innocent!" "You too are a poisoner," they replied, and they began to beat and to stone him also. He runs from them to the church, but he cannot get in, and he stands with his back to the wall, more dead than alive. What can save him from falling, from being kicked and trodden to death, from being thrown into the dark river?

Suddenly a door near him is opened; another priest seizes him and pulls him in, and the door is closed. Gabriel is the name of this saviour, and he has just time to get the poor man behind a low railing, where he falls helpless, when the mob bursts in the door and rushes upon them. Gabriel tries to talk to them and excite their pity. They hear him, but his words have no effect upon them. At last Gabriel bids the leader of the mob come inside the railing, points to the fallen body of the priest, and says, "Now kill him!" The man shrinks back. "What, I alone kill him!" He

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refuses and the priest is saved. No one in the mob can be found to do *by himself* what all together would do.

Shall we go with the mob and do what it does, and think we are doing right because others are doing the same thing? Both men and children sometimes act that way. Yet if any one of you had a ball or a knife or any other article that he prized, would he give it up more willingly because a *dozen* boys told him they meant to take it from him, than because only *one* did? Could one boy be a thief if he alone took it, and not a thief if he got eleven others to join him in taking it from you against your will?

Here are some verses by an English poet, William Cowper, which fit the case exactly:

"A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test:
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

"He was shocked, sir, like you, and answered, 'Oh, no!
What! rob our good neighbor! I pray you don't go;
Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed.'

"'You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.'

"They spoke, and Tom pondered—'I see they will go;
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!

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Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

"'If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too,—
He will lose none by me, though I get a few.'

"His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan:
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man."

Tom, you see, had a conscience; it was his captain. It told him that to take his neighbor's fruit was stealing. Tom would have obeyed if he had been let alone. But the mob came to him, and he forgot his duty to his captain, and began to invent excuses for stealing in company. Then, as the old saying is, he followed the multitude to do evil.

—WENDELL P. GARRISON.

sedate': calm, serious.—**integ'rity**: honesty.—**Notre Dame**: nō' tr dăm.

LOCHINVAR

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

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He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up:
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;

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While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

—Sir Walter Scott.

Lochinvar lŏk-ĭn-vär'.—**Border**: the territory near the frontier line between England and Scotland.—**brake**: thicket.—**das'tard**: coward.—**cra'ven**: faint-hearted.—**galliard** (găl' yērd): a lively dance.—**croup**: the place behind the saddle.—**scaur** (skar): a steep bank or rock.

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"NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE"

PART I

London is the only place I know where to be a street-artist is an actual profession; but there are certain London streets you can never go through, at nightfall, without seeing, under the sunset's glow or the glimmering early gas, a picture drawn in colored chalks on the gray pavement of the sidewalk by some street-artist who is sure to get pennies enough from kindly passers-by to procure him supper and a bed. Sometimes he gets much more than that, if he has a ready wit and a scene-painter's dexterity.

I have heard of one street-artist who really lived quite nicely on the proceeds of his art. He had a little cottage in a London suburb, and he went home there when his evening's work was done to sleep, as happy and proud a householder as there was in all London. On Euston Road, near St. Pancras Church, just as you turn round the corner from Euston Square, there is one bit of gray sidewalk well beloved of the street-painters.

The Square is near by, with its great old trees, where the birds build their nests as trustfully as if they were miles away in the country; where the grass is soft and green almost all winter; and where the little children who live in the houses on either side of the Square, play and cheep and chirrup like human birds.

Just back of these houses is the railway station, whence the cabs come tearing wildly round the cor-

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ner, as if the one object in life of their drivers was to find somebody napping, and kill him before he knew it.

On a certain long-ago November night, when the sun looked like a great red ball of fire through the London fog, and the air was just keen enough to give to the memory of the dead summer a tantalizing charm, a street-artist, who had in those days taken possession of that special corner, came along with his materials and went to work.

He was a queer little chap, altogether.

He was fourteen or fifteen years old—he did not know exactly which, so you must not expect me to be more accurate than he could have been himself.

He did not belong to the class of boys whose birthdays are commemorated with gifts; and if he had ever had a father and mother, it was so long since, that he had quite outgrown the remembrance. A year before he had got out of the clutches of some people who wanted to keep him earning pennies for them to spend royally at the neighboring "Public," and had set up for himself in two distinct callings.

In the morning he was a newsboy, and sold the morning papers. This was the profession adopted by the practical side of him; but when the sun grew low, the side of him that was not practical had its turn, and he became an artist. I said he was fourteen or fifteen; his face affirmed that statement, but his form belied it. Boys of twelve who have had food enough and good beds, are larger than was this little fellow of the streets, who had slept where he could, and lived,

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up to the last year, on the scraps permitted him by those who preferred their own gin to his gingerbread.

But now he was well fed, on his own earnings, and decently enough clothed; and he felt that his fortunes were fast mending.

He had a fashion of talking to himself as he worked, not uncommon with those who have no one else to talk to. He glanced through the fog at the red sunset sky, and said:

"I'll just give 'em a bit of summer. I'll try that feller I saw on the doorstep."

And now, more quickly than you would have supposed possible to such untaught fingers, he had sketched the doorstep of a humble house, and on this doorstep a boy, a fat, roly-poly, little chap, not more than five years old. You could see that it was summer, by the boy. He had only a ragged shirt and a

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pair of brief trousers, but he looked so warm that you would have been half tempted to fan him.

He had a great piece of bread and butter, well covered, too, with jam, in his fat little hand; and he had actually gone to sleep holding it, after taking a big, rapturous bite from one end. Beside him was a dog, his own dog evidently; and it had slipped its yellow head inside his arm, and was nibbling at the bread and butter. The dog's face was a study. Longing, fear, and daring, all were in it.

The picture was as faithful a bit of story-telling as you could find in a day's round among the studios. Dick—I don't think I told you the youngster's name was Dick—surveyed it with a truly artistic pride.

"Oh Jimminy! Oh Jemimy!" he cried exultantly, "I'd orter *name* it"; and he printed under it, in a style of letter he had acquired from the headings of the morning newspapers,

"NOTHIN VENTER NOTHIN AVE."

Then he drew a long, deep breath of content. "My heyes!" he said; "but it *is* just like that little feller!" and he stood, as other artists stand in front of their easels, in absorbed contemplation of his triumph.

And then, just as usual, came the mad cabman tearing round the corner, for a train was in; and the artist was under the wheels of a hansom cab, and fished up by a policeman, before anybody could say Jack Robinson, if anybody had wanted to say Jack Robinson, which I don't think anybody did.

Master Dick had a hole in his pocket, that may

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have accounted for there being no card there with his address; and the kind policeman, who knew him well by sight, as the Artist of Euston Corner, took him round to the Temperance Hospital on Gower Street, which is not far from Euston Road, and he was put into a clean little white bed.

And Dr. Edmunds, who is, as everybody knows, at the head of that hospital, fortunately chanced to be there himself, and looked Dick well over, and pulled him here and pulled him there, and found out that nothing worse than a broken leg was the matter.

It was a rather bad fracture, though, and safe to keep Dick in the hospital till March or April, which gives me time, leaving him in such good hands, to tell you what became of his picture. Any one who has ever been in London knows in how brief a space of time a dense crowd gathers itself together; and round the picture, from which fate had thus swept away its owner, a throng had swiftly collected.

The boy's story passed from mouth to mouth, gaining, with each telling, fresh horror. First, one leg had been taken off by the cab, then both, and then it was his head which the cab-wheel had just cut square off. In five minutes it was well understood that he was dead; and just as this had been settled, to everybody's grief and satisfaction, a man came through the crowd who was not of it—a gentleman whose presence carried a sort of authority with it to such a throng—and they moved aside to let him see the picture, which the last struggles of the setting sun were lighting up.

I shall not tell you this man's real name, for it has

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figured for fifteen years past in every catalogue of the Royal Academy exhibitions. But this November afternoon of which I write was fifteen years ago; and Mr. Ernest Hartford, as I will call him, was then a struggling artist, who had never had a single picture hung on the walls of the Academy.

This was his grief, and a sore grief it was. He made money enough, by painting good portraits, to get on very well; but he prided himself on his great ideas. Just at present he was doing two gigantic pictures, one of a captive Zenobia among the Romans, the other of a long procession of Greek girls on their way to the bath. This was the kind of thing for which he believed himself born; and year after year he sent pictures of this lofty and imposing kind to the Academy, and had them sent back to him, rejected, in great, wooden boxes, which seemed to him like coffins, and were the coffins of his hopes.

And yet, in spite of this melancholy ambition of his, Mr. Ernest Hartford knew, as well as any one, a true picture when he saw it. He just glanced at the sketch on the sidewalk, and then he looked again, and said to a respectable appearing by-stander:

"Art is looking up when a street-painter gets off such a thing as that. Can you tell me who did it? Is he here?"

And then, with all its picturesque additions, the story was told him. A boy had painted it—a little fellow named Dick, who came and painted there about sunset every pleasant night; and "just as he had got it done, and was standing off like, to look at it, a cab

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whizzed round the corner and ran over him, and killed him stone dead."

"Does anybody know where he has been taken?" Mr. Hartford asked. But no one knew. He was *stone* dead, though; there was no mistake about that.

Then an idea flashed into the artist's mind. He himself would paint this picture for the Academy. He should have plenty of time to finish his stately Zenobia and his Procession of Greek Maidens, and do this smaller thing also.

There was certainly no one living to claim this idea; and if there had been, a picture in the Academy could hardly interfere with the rights of a street boy, who painted with colored chalks on a gray sidewalk. He would do the poor little fellow a good turn by preserving the idea which hurrying feet would otherwise, in a few brief moments, trample out forever.

How true an artist the poor vagabond must have been in soul! Nothing could be better, in its way, than the idea of this picture; nothing more happily caught than the deep slumber of the child, and the sly, timorous audacity in the face of the dog. Dead, poor little wretch! Why, if he could have lived and been trained in art, there might have been a great English painter in him. Well, he would paint the thing, at any rate, and its story should be told, and at least the world should know that there had been a street boy named Dick, who knew a true subject for a picture when he saw it.

The light was getting very dim, but he took a small sketching-block from his pocket and rapidly sketched

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the design, even to the title that hapless Dick had printed under it.

And then he went away, and the crowd lingered a little, as if they expected more fine gentlemen might come to see this work of art on the sidewalk, and at last shuffled off home, feeling that the little tragedy they had witnessed had come to an end. And then the night fell heavily, and the gas flared and flickered in the low November wind, and the hurrying feet that chase one another through the busy streets of London marched on and on, and the picture was ground by them into nothingness.

sub'urb: an outlying part of a city or town.—**"Public"**: short for public house or saloon.—**Royal Academy**: a famous society of English artists that holds an annual exhibition of the works of living artists.—**tim'orous**: timid.

"NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE"

Part II

Mr. Ernest Hartford went home and brooded long over the sad things that happen in life. The next morning, bright and early, he began to work at Dick's picture. Quite out of his usual line as the subject was, he was carried away by it.

The painting grew rapidly under his hands. Mr. Hartford had been noted among his fellows hitherto for the bigness of his canvases and the imposing character of his subjects. This picture was simple as nature is simple, and it was a whole story in itself. The house—one of those poor, squalid houses you see in

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the small streets leading from the Seven Dials—was the dull, sad-colored background; and on its lowest step sat the boy, leaning his back against the step above him. One grimy little hand rested on his knee, while the other held fast, even in sleep, to the bread and jam, at which the wicked, wise dog was nibbling, just as Dick had seen him.

The child's yellow hair was tumbled, his round cheeks were flushed with the heat, and his mouth was wide open and revealed his gleaming white teeth. There was no least doubt about how warm he was.

There was plenty of atmosphere in the picture, and this atmosphere seemed absolutely to palpitate with the summer heat. Everything was asleep but the dog; and he would have been, but for the combined power of hunger and mischief to keep him awake.

A half-sorrowful conviction grew up in Hartford that this was the sort of thing he ought to have been doing all along, and that Zenobia and her stately predecessors had been grand mistakes. He was quite sure that this was his very best work, when he had given it a last loving touch and then stood aside to look at it, just as Dick had stood that fatal one moment on the sidewalk. He had grown so fond of the little picture that nothing seemed too good for it. He framed it beautifully, and he had Dick's own title,

"NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE,"

wrought into the frame. When the appointed day came, he sent it to the Academy Committee of Judges; and with it he sent his Greek girls, walking in glitter-

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ing procession, with their white robes and bound hair, and his stately Zenobia, scornful among the scornful Romans, and awaited their fate. Three wooden boxes went away from his studio, and alas! two wooden boxes returned to it again. Zenobia was a captive in one of them, and the Greek girls were imprisoned in the other; but Dick's picture was accepted. It would have been a remorseless judge, indeed, who could have shut the Academy's doors in the face of that dirty cherub. At last, after so many baffled years, Mr. Ernest Hartford had been admitted to the Academy, and he owed it to the street boy on whose nameless grave he could not lay a single bay-leaf.

When the day for the opening of the exhibition came, he found his picture hung in a good place. That was the beginning of his glory. Then, at the "Private View," everybody raved about it; and then the critics spoke, and one and all they praised it. That very clever artist, Mr. Ernest Hartford, they said, had discovered at last the kind of thing he could do. You would have to go far to find anything better, in its way, than that delightful little sleeping vagabond of his. It was as sure a thing that his fortune was made as that he to whom he owed it was as dead as a coffin-nail, as the Euston Corner crowd had told him.

Meantime, Dick had been enjoying himself uncommonly well. The little white bed, in the first place, went for a good deal; and then, as soon as the danger of fever was past, there were the good and regular meals, such as the poor boy had never dreamed of before. Then he liked the life of the hospital.

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He found the accident ward extremely interesting. He liked to see how the other patients got on, and what fresh cases were brought in every day; and then, after a while, he formed quite a friendship with Dr. Edmunds, and told him all about his two professions; and the next day after this confidence Dr. Edmunds brought a great package; and what do you think came out of it but a big, big sketching-block, such as real artists have, and a case of colored crayons! And then Dick made sketches of everybody, and Dr. Edmunds took some of them away and sold them, or played that he sold them, and brought Dick some money with which to buy a fresh stock of newspapers when he should be well enough to leave Gower Street.

And at last that day came.

Dick was thankful that it was spring; for homelessness is not so bad in spring, when the whole world seems full of life and hope, as it is in the winter, when you need sunshine in-doors to offset the gray gloom outside.

The trees in Euston Square had put out their young, green leaves, and a soft wind moved gently among them, as if to see if they were all there; and the birds preened themselves and flew up toward the sunshine, and said something that answered for good-morning. Dick thought that he should be the very happiest boy in the world, to be out in it all again, limping only the very least little bit, if he could but go back to the hospital and the little white bed again at night; but knowing that no such shelter awaited him, he felt homesick, even in the sunshine.

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After a few days, however, he began to get reconciled to life. He found a comfortable place to stay in, nights; and he looked up many of his old customers and got some new ones; and his life went on much as of old, save that now he dealt in evening papers as well as morning ones, and painted no more pictures on the sidewalk.

Then, after a while, came the first of May, and he knew the Academy was open, for had he not read the advertisement in the papers he sold? He was getting on very well, as to money; and he made up his mind that he would go and see this brave picture-show. So he paid his shilling at the door, and another shilling for a catalogue; and then he went—bold as a lion, as he said to himself—into Burlington House; and there he was, in a vast gathering of pictures, good, bad, and indifferent.

And at last he came to a room where there was a special crowd before a special picture. And Dick stopped on the outskirts of this crowd, and waited until he could wriggle his way through, like the eel he was, and lo! it was the picture of the same little boy he had seen, on the hot summer day, asleep on the doorstep—the very double of that picture that had given him his blessed winter at the hospital. But that his own, own picture had anything to do with it never so much as crossed his mind. He looked at it from every possible point of view; and then his thoughts found vent in his favorite exclamation:

"O Jimminy! O Jemimy!" When he said "O Jimminy!" he always added, "O Jemimy!" as if

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these words represented to him equal powers, neither one of which he was willing to offend. "O Jimminy! O Jemimy! 'Ere's a feller wat seen him too!"

And Ernest Hartford was at hand, and himself heard this exclamation; which was not very strange, considering the temptation it is to a painter who has made a first "hit" to go and see how his picture looks in every day's light. That Dick could *be* Dick of course never entered his mind. For him, Dick was dead and buried, last November; but evidently this queer little chap knew something about the picture, and he must find out what.

"Did *you* ever see it before, my little man?" he asked kindly.

"Yes, sir, I *done* it—I mean I made that same little chap there, that I s'pose you must 'a seen the same day as I did."

"Who are you, then?" and there was just the least little shade of unconscious sternness in Mr. Hartford's manner, for ghosts are not always convenient. "Who are you?"

"Dick, sir."

Hartford at once made sure that he was an impostor.

"No," he said severely. "You may be some friend of his; but *Dick* was run over by a cab and killed."

"No, sir, Dick—that's me, sir—was run over by a cab last November, just as he'd been a-paintin' that very picter there, and his leg was broke, and he had a powerful good time at the hospital all winter. And 'ere he is now—that's me, sir."

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The most suspicious of men could not have doubted Dick's honesty; and Hartford was not the most suspicious of men, and he understood and believed, all at once. He was a just man, too, and a gentleman.

"Then I owe you a great deal, Dick," he said, in his most hearty manner, "a very great deal. I saw your picture on the sidewalk, and I copied the design, and it is the most successful picture I ever painted. Don't you see—there is your very title under it?"

And indeed, there on the frame, Dick read the title, which he had not before noticed,

"NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE."

Dick's eyes opened wide, and his mouth opened wider, and at last he said,

"Do you go for to say, sir, that *you* never seen that boy, and that you got him just out o' my puttin' him on the sidewalk?"

"Yes, that is quite true."

"Then, please, sir, you are a good deal bigger hartist than if you had seed him that summer day, just as I did. *I* copied him, but you *made* him."

The critics had all been praising Mr. Hartford in the very fittest phrases they knew; but not one of them had given him half such true pleasure as did Dick's honest tribute. He had been prepared—when he knew Dick was Dick—for complaint, and reproach and extortion; and he met none of them, but only this wide-eyed admiration and earnest praise. It went to the soft place in his heart, which the world at large didn't know was there. He said warmly:

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"Whatever he is, Dick, I should never have done him but for you; and now I want to do something for you in return. What shall it be?"

Dick looked down at his hand. Street boy though he was, he had the long, slender fingers that belong to poets and artists; but alas! there was no evading the sad fact that those fingers were somewhat grimy. He looked at them sorrowfully.

"If my 'and 'ad been a little cleaner, sir, I should 'a hasked you to shake 'ands with me. I *should* 'a liked to 'a shook 'ands with a great hartist, once in my life."

In an instant he felt his hand clasped warmly, and he was pulled aside from the fresh throng that had begun to gather before the picture.

"Here's my hand, and what shall I give you besides? Be frank, now, my little man."

"Nothin', sir, nothin'; unless I might jest look in some day at the shop where you make 'em," and Dick indicated the pictures on the wall, with his hand.

"Come outside," said Mr. Hartford, not answering the modest request at once. And when they stood in the courtyard, he asked another question.

"What is your name besides Dick?"

"Never had any, sir. Never knew anybody belonging to me. I'm only just Dick."

"Well, I will give you a name, and see that you have it legally, too. You shall be named after Burlington House; and we'll call you Richard Burlington. That's a good name for an artist."

"But I'm *not* a hartist, sir; I'm only a newsboy."

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"You're *not* a newsboy, you mean; you are only an artist. Listen! when I first saw your picture, I said, 'Here's a fellow who would have been a great painter, if he had lived.' I shall have no more selling newspapers. I will get you a place to board, and then I will take you into my studio and teach you."

Dick was too dazzled even to know that he was grateful. He gave himself up, body and mind, to Ernest Hartford's will—that was all, and it was *good*-will for him. I believe what made me think of telling you the story was that I saw, in a notice of this year's Academy, this passage:

"Among the most agreeable and striking pictures in the exhibition are the boys of the street, painted with such wonderful spirit and life-likeness by Richard Burlington."

That's Dick!

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

squalid (skwŏl'ĭd): dirty through neglect.—**pal'pitate**: beat, throb.—**predeces'sors**: those which have gone before.—**extor'tion**: the act of getting something from an unwilling person by force or threats.

DANIEL

In striking contrast to the bowed and sorrowful old prophet Jeremiah is the alert and eager youth Daniel. The two men were contemporaries, though there was a difference in their ages. When, in the reign of Jehoiakim, the Jews were taken in captivity to Babylon, the youth Daniel went with them, while the old prophet

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Jeremiah was left behind. Daniel was chosen, with three companions, to be educated at the court of the Babylonian king, Nebuchadnezzar. They were taught the Chaldean language and the sciences, and the king was delighted with their progress.

An opportunity soon came for Daniel to be of service to his royal patron. Nebuchadnezzar had a strange dream, which none of his magicians could interpret, because, unfortunately, he had forgotten it. In his anger that no one could supply the lost memory, he commanded to destroy all the wise men of Babylon. But Daniel prayed to God that the secret might be revealed to him.

His prayers were answered, and he related to the king not only just what the dream was, but the full meaning of it: "Thou, O king, sawest, and beheld a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee; and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay. Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and did break them to pieces. . . . And the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth."

In Daniel's interpretation the different portions of the image represented the different kingdoms which should follow, one after another, in the future. The stone which broke the image in pieces referred to the final kingdom which the God of heaven shall set up,

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"which shall never be destroyed," but which shall stand forever.

From this time forth Daniel became a seer. He had many wonderful visions in the night, and interpreted them with reference to future historical events. He was also a statesman, the king having made him governor of the province as a reward for his services. In later years he acted as viceroy at a time when the king was insane.

In the reign of Nebuchadnezzar's successor, Belshazzar, Daniel was again called into service as a seer. One night, during a great feast, a mysterious hand appeared to write some inscription on the wall, and Daniel alone could interpret it. The message was ominous, but the prophet spoke out boldly. "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," ran the words, "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." Daniel condemned the king for his iniquities, and declared that his kingdom should be divided by the Medes and Persians. That very night Belshazzar was slain, and Darius, the Median, took the kingdom.

Under the new dynasty Daniel was given so much power that some of the officials, jealous of his preferment, plotted against him. They contrived to persuade King Darius to sign a decree that "whosoever should ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of the king himself, should be cast into the den of lions." The officials were right in supposing that this would entrap Daniel, for, faithful to his Hebrew training, he offered prayer to God three times a day. He was therefore cast into the lions' den, but no harm

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MICHELANGELO'S "DANIEL."

befell him, because, according to his own explanation, God sent his angel to shut the lions' mouths.

Daniel continued to hold office even in the reign of the next king, Cyrus the Persian. He lived to a great old age, but he was so young when he first

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showed his prophetic gifts that it is natural to think of him in his youth as Michelangelo has represented him. It would seem that the artist had in mind Daniel's early years of education at court. On his lap is a large open book supported on the back of a tiny figure standing between his knees. This may represent a volume of Chaldean learning. His posture shows that he had been consulting the volume, and now turns to his writing tablets to record his own thoughts.

His broad forehead shows him to be a student and a thinker. The waving hair is brushed back to form an aureole about his face. It is the face of a dreamer in a moment of inspiration. Eagerly he writes his words of mingled poetry and prophecy. He is full of youthful enthusiasm for his work, a nature fitted for action as well as for vision. He has also the bearing of one who fears neither the rage of a lion nor the wrath of a king. There is a breezy energy in his motions, as if thoughts came more swiftly than he could transcribe them.

His expression is one of happy anticipation. The picture brings out clearly the fact that the keynote of Daniel's prophecy is hope. Looking into his face, we may imagine that this is the message he is writing: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

—Estelle M. Hurll.

contem'poraries: those who are living at the same time.—**Jehoiakim**: jĕ-hoi ā-kĭm.—**Nebuchadnezzar**: nĕb' ū-kăd-nĕz-zär.—**dy'nasty**: sovereignty, dominion.—**Michelangelo** (mī-kĕl-ăn' jĕ-lō): a famous Italian sculptor, painter, architect, and poet. He lived 1475–1564.—**au'reole**: a halo, a circle of light.—**firmament**: the sky.

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THE DAFFODILS

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

joc'und: merry, cheerful.—**pen'sive**: thoughtful.

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HERCULES AND THE MAIDENS

Did you ever hear of the golden apples that grew in the garden of the Hesperides? Ah, those were such apples as would bring a great price, by the bushel, if any of them could be found growing in the orchards of nowadays! But there is not, I suppose, a graft of that wonderful fruit on a single tree in the wide world. Not so much as a seed of those apples exists any longer.

And, even in the old, old, half-forgotten times, before the garden of the Hesperides was overrun with weeds, a great many people doubted whether there could be real trees that bore apples of solid gold upon their branches. All had heard of them, but nobody remembered to have seen any. Children, nevertheless, used to listen, open-mouthed, to stories of the golden apple-tree, and resolved to discover it, when they should be big enough. Adventurous young men, who desired to do a braver thing than any of their fellows, set out in quest of this fruit. Many of them returned no more; none of them brought back the apples. No wonder that they found it impossible to gather them! It is said that there was a dragon beneath the tree, with a hundred terrible heads, fifty of which were always on the watch, while the other fifty slept.

Once the adventure was undertaken by a hero who had enjoyed very little peace or rest since he came into the world. At the time of which I am going to speak, he was wandering through the pleasant land of Italy, with a mighty club in his hand, and a bow and quiver slung across his shoulders. He was wrapt in

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the skin of the biggest and fiercest lion that ever had been seen, and which he himself had killed; and though, on the whole, he was kind, and generous, and noble, there was a good deal of the lion's fierceness in his heart. As he went on his way, he continually inquired whether that were the right road to the famous garden. But none of the country people knew anything about the matter, and many looked as if they would have laughed at the question, if the stranger had not carried so very big a club.

So he journeyed on and on, still making the same inquiry, until, at last, he came to the brink of a river where some beautiful young women sat twining wreaths of flowers.

"Can you tell me, pretty maidens," asked the stranger, "whether this is the right way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

The young women had been having a fine time together, weaving the flowers into wreaths, and crowning one another's heads. And there seemed to be a kind of magic in the touch of their fingers, that made the flowers more fresh and dewy, and of brighter hues, and sweeter fragrance, while they played with them, than even when they had been growing on their native stems. But, on hearing the stranger's question, they dropped all their flowers on the grass and gazed at him in astonishment.

"The garden of the Hesperides!" cried one. "We thought mortals had been weary of seeking it, after so many disappointments. And pray, adventurous traveler, what do you want there?"

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"A certain king, who is my cousin," replied he, "has ordered me to get him three of the golden apples."

"Most of the young men who go in quest of these apples," observed another of the damsels, "desire to obtain them for themselves, or to present them to some fair maiden whom they love. Do you, then, love this king, your cousin, so very much?"

"Perhaps not," replied the stranger, sighing. "He has often been severe and cruel to me. But it is my destiny to obey him."

"And do you know," asked the damsel who had first spoken, "that a terrible dragon, with a hundred heads, keeps watch under the golden apple-tree?"

"I know it well," answered the stranger calmly. "But from my cradle upwards it has been my business, and almost my pastime, to deal with serpents and dragons."

The young women looked at his massive club, and at the shaggy lion's skin which he wore, and likewise at his heroic limbs and figure; and they whispered to each other that the stranger appeared to be one who might reasonably expect to perform deeds far beyond the might of other men. But then the dragon with a hundred heads! What mortal, even if he possessed a hundred lives, could hope to escape the fangs of such a monster?

"Go back," cried they all—"go back to your own home! Your mother, beholding you safe and sound, will shed tears of joy; and what can she do more, should you win ever so great a victory? No matter

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for the golden apples! No matter for the king, your cruel cousin! We do not wish the dragon with the hundred heads to eat you up!"

The stranger seemed to grow impatient at these remonstrances. He carelessly lifted his mighty club and let it fall upon a rock that lay half buried in the earth near by. With the force of that idle blow the great rock was shattered all to pieces. It cost the stranger no more effort to achieve this feat of a giant's strength than for one of the young maidens to touch her sister's rosy cheek with a flower.

"Do you not believe," said he, looking at the damsels with a smile, "that such a blow would have crushed one of the dragon's hundred heads?"

Then he sat down on the grass and told them the story of his life, or as much of it as he could remember,

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from the day when he was first cradled in a warrior's brazen shield. While he lay there two immense serpents came gliding over the floor and opened their hideous jaws to devour him; and he, a baby of a few months old, had gripped one of the fierce snakes in each of his little fists and strangled them to death. When he was but a stripling he had killed a huge lion, almost as big as the one whose vast and shaggy hide he now wore upon his shoulders. The next thing that he had done was to fight a battle with an ugly sort of monster, called a hydra, which had no less than nine heads, and exceedingly sharp teeth in every one.

"But the dragon of the Hesperides, you know," observed one of the damsels, "has a hundred heads!"

"Nevertheless," replied the stranger, "I would rather fight two such dragons than a single hydra. For, as fast as I cut off a head, two others grew in its place; and besides, there was one of the heads that could not possibly be killed, but kept biting as fiercely as ever, long after it was cut off. So I was forced to bury it under a stone, where it is doubtless alive to this very day. But the hydra's body, and its eight other heads, will never do any further mischief."

The traveler proceeded to tell how he had chased a very swift stag, for a twelvemonth together, without ever stopping to take breath, and had at last caught it by the antlers, and carried it home alive. And he had fought with a very odd race of people, half horses and half men, and had put them all to death, from a sense of duty, in order that their ugly figures might never be seen any more. Besides all this, he

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took to himself great credit for having cleaned out a stable.

"Do you call that a wonderful exploit?" asked one of the young maidens, with a smile. "Any clown in the country had done as much!"

"Had it been an ordinary stable," replied the stranger, "I should not have mentioned it. But this was so gigantic a task that it would have taken me all my life to perform it, if I had not luckily thought of turning the channel of a river through the stable-door. That did the business in a very short time!"

Seeing how earnestly his fair auditors listened, he next told them how he had shot some monstrous birds, and had caught a wild bull alive, and let him go again, and had tamed a number of very wild horses, and had conquered Hippolyta, the warlike queen of the Amazons. He mentioned, likewise, that he had taken off Hippolyta's enchanted girdle, and had given it to the daughter of his cousin, the king.

"Was it the girdle of Venus," inquired the prettiest of the damsels, "which makes women beautiful?"

"No," answered the stranger. "It had formerly been the sword-belt of Mars; and it can only make the wearer valiant and courageous."

"An old sword-belt!" cried the damsel, tossing her head. "Then I should not care about having it!"

"You are right," said the stranger.

Going on with his wonderful narrative, he informed the maidens that as strange an adventure as ever happened was when he fought with Geryon, the six-legged man. This was a very odd and frightful sort

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of figure, as you may well believe. Any person, looking at his tracks in the sand or snow, would suppose that three sociable companions had been walking along together. On hearing his footsteps at a little distance, it was no more than reasoning to judge that several people must be coming. But it was only the strange man Geryon clattering onward, with his six legs!

When the stranger had finished the story of his adventures, he looked around at the attentive faces of the maidens.

"Perhaps you may have heard of me before," said he, modestly. "My name is Hercules!"

"We had already guessed it," replied the maidens; "for your wonderful deeds are known all over the world. We do not think it strange any longer, that you should set out in quest of the golden apples of the Hesperides. Come, sisters, let us crown the hero with flowers!"

Then they flung beautiful wreaths over his stately head and mighty shoulders, so that the lion's skin was almost entirely covered with roses. They took possession of his ponderous club, and so entwined it about with the brightest, softest, and most fragrant blossoms, that not a finger's breadth of its oaken substance could be seen. It looked all like a huge bunch of flowers. Lastly, they joined hands, and danced around him, chanting words which became poetry of their own accord, and grew into a choral song, in honor of the illustrius Hercules.

"Dear maidens," said he, when they paused to take breath, "now that you know my name, will you

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not tell me how I am to reach the garden of the Hesperides?"

"Ah! must you go so soon?" they exclaimed. "You—that have performed so many wonders, and spent such a toilsome life—cannot you content yourself to repose a little while on the margin of this peaceful river?"

Hercules shook his head.

"I must depart now," said he.

"We will then give you the best directions we can," replied the damsels. "You must go to the seashore, and find out the Old One, and compel him to inform you where the golden apples are to be found."

"The Old One!" repeated Hercules, laughing at this odd name. "And, pray, who may the Old One be?"

"Why, the Old Man of the Sea, to be sure!" answered one of the damsels. "He has fifty daughters, whom some people call very beautiful; but we do not think it proper to be acquainted with them, because they have sea-green hair, and taper away like fishes. You must talk with this Old Man of the Sea. He is a seafaring person, and knows all about the garden of the Hesperides; for it is situated in an island which he is often in the habit of visiting."

Hercules then asked whereabouts the Old One was most likely to be met with. When the damsels had informed him, he thanked them for all their kindness, and immediately set forth upon his journey.

But, before he was out of hearing, one of the maidens called after him.

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"Keep fast hold of the Old One, when you catch him!" cried she, smiling, and lifting her finger to make the caution more impressive. "Do not be astonished at anything that may happen. Only hold him fast, and he will tell you what you wish to know."

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (*Slightly abridged*).

Hesperides: hĕs-pĕr'ĭ-dēz.—**exploit'**: achievement.—**Hippolyta**: hĭp-pŏl'ĭ-tä.—**Amazons**: a mythical race of women warriors.—**Geryon**: jē'-rў-ŏn.—**Hercules**: hĕr' kū-lēz.

HERCULES AND THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

Hercules traveled constantly onward, over hill and dale, and through the solitary woods. Sometimes he swung his club aloft, and splintered a mighty oak with a downright blow. His mind was so full of the giants and monsters with whom it was the business of his life to fight, that perhaps he mistook the great tree for a giant or a monster. And so eager was Hercules to achieve what he had undertaken, that he almost regretted to have spent so much time with the damsels, wasting idle breath upon the story of his adventures. But thus it always is with persons who are destined to perform great things. What they have already done seems less than nothing. What they have taken in hand to do seems worth toil, danger, and life itself.

Persons who happened to be passing through the forest must have been affrighted to see him smite the trees with his great club. With but a single blow, the trunk was riven as by the stroke of lightning, and the broad boughs came rustling and crashing down.

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Hastening forward, without ever pausing or looking behind, he by and by heard the sea roaring at a distance. At this sound, he increased his speed, and soon came to a beach, where the great surf-waves tumbled themselves upon the hard sand, in a long line of snowy foam. At one end of the beach, however, there was a pleasant spot, where some green shrubbery clambered up a cliff, making its rocky face look soft and beautiful. A carpet of grass, largely intermixed with sweet-smelling clover, covered the narrow space between the bottom of the cliff and the sea. And what should Hercules espy there, but an old man, fast asleep!

But was it really and truly an old man? Certainly, at first sight, it looked very like one; but, on closer inspection, it rather seemed to be some kind of a creature that lived in the sea. For, on his legs and arms there were scales, such as fishes have; he was web-footed and web-fingered, after the fashion of a duck; and his long beard, being of a greenish tinge, had more the appearance of a tuft of sea-weed than of an ordinary beard. Have you never seen a stick of timber, that has been long tossed about by the waves, and has got all overgrown with barnacles, and, at last drifting ashore, seems to have been thrown up from the very deepest bottom of the sea? Well, the old man would have put you in mind of just such a wave-tost spar! But Hercules, the instant he set eyes on this strange figure, was convinced that it could be no other than the Old One, who was to direct him on his way.

Yes, it was the selfsame Old Man of the Sea whom

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the hospitable maidens had talked to him about. Thanking his stars for the lucky accident of finding the old fellow asleep, Hercules stole on tiptoe towards him, and caught him by the arm and leg.

"Tell me," cried he, before the Old One was well awake, "which is the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

As you might easily imagine, the Old Man of the Sea awoke in a fright. But his astonishment could hardly have been greater than was that of Hercules the next moment. For, all of a sudden, the Old One seemed to disappear out of his grasp, and he found himself holding a stag by the fore and hind leg! But still he kept fast hold. Then the stag disappeared, and in its stead there was a sea-bird, fluttering and screaming, while Hercules clutched it by the wing and claw! But the bird could not get away. Immediately afterwards, there was an ugly three-headed dog, which growled and barked at Hercules, and snapped fiercely at the hands by which he held him! But Hercules would not let him go. In another minute, instead of the three-headed dog, what should appear but Geryon, the six-legged man-monster, kicking at Hercules with five of his legs, in order to get the remaining one at liberty! But Hercules held on. By and by, no Geryon was there, but a huge snake, like one of those which Hercules had strangled in his babyhood, only a hundred times as big; and it twisted and twined about the hero's neck and body, and threw its tail high into the air, and opened its deadly jaws as if to devour him outright; so that it was really a very terrible spectacle!

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But Hercules was no whit disheartened, and squeezed the great snake so tightly that he soon began to hiss with pain.

You must understand that the Old Man of the Sea, though he generally looked so much like the wave-beaten figurehead of a vessel, had the power of assuming any shape he pleased. When he found himself so roughly seized by Hercules, he had been in hopes of putting him into such surprise and terror, by these magical transformations, that the hero would be glad to let him go. If Hercules had relaxed his grasp, the Old One would certainly have plunged down to the very bottom of the sea, whence he would not soon have given himself the trouble of coming up, in order to answer any impertinent questions. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred, I suppose, would have been frightened out of their wits by the very first of his ugly shapes, and would have taken to their heels at once. For, one of the hardest things in this world is to see the difference between real dangers and imaginary ones.

But, as Hercules held on so stubbornly, and only squeezed the Old One so much the tighter at every change of shape, and really put him to no small torture, he finally thought it best to reappear in his own figure. So there he was again, a fishy, scaly, web-footed sort of personage, with something like a tuft of sea-weed at his chin.

"Pray, what do you want with me?" cried the Old One, as soon as he could take breath; for it is quite a tiresome affair to go through so many false shapes.

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"Why do you squeeze me so hard? Let me go, this moment, or I shall begin to consider you an extremely uncivil person!"

"My name is Hercules!" roared the mighty stranger. "And you will never get out of my clutch, until you tell me the nearest way to the garden of the Hesperides!"

When the old fellow heard who it was that had caught him, he saw, with half an eye, that it would be necessary to tell him everything that he wanted to know. The Old One was an inhabitant of the sea, you must recollect, and roamed about everywhere, like other seafaring people. Of course, he had often heard of the fame of Hercules, and of the wonderful things that he was constantly performing, in various parts of the earth, and how determined he always was to accomplish whatever he undertook. He therefore made no more attempts to escape, but told the hero how to find the garden of the Hesperides, and likewise warned him of many difficulties which must be overcome, before he could arrive thither.

"You must go on, thus and thus," said the Old Man of the Sea, after taking the points of the compass, "till you come in sight of a very tall giant, who holds the sky on his shoulders. And the giant, if he happens to be in the humor, will tell you exactly where the garden of the Hesperides lies."

"And if the giant happens not to be in the humor," remarked Hercules, balancing his club on the tip of his finger, "perhaps I shall find means to persuade him!"

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Thanking the Old Man of the Sea, and begging his pardon for having squeezed him so roughly, the hero resumed his journey. He met with a great many strange adventures, which would be well worth your hearing, if I had leisure to narrate them as minutely as they deserve.

It was on this journey, if I mistake not, that he encountered a prodigious giant who was so wonderfully contrived by nature, that, every time he touched the earth, he became ten times as strong as ever he had been before. His name was Antæus. You may see plainly enough, that it was a very difficult business to fight with such a fellow; for, as often as he got a knock-down blow, up he started again, stronger, fiercer, and abler to use his weapons, than if his enemy had let him alone. Thus, the harder Hercules pounded the giant with his club, the further he seemed from win-

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ning the victory. I have sometimes argued with such people, but never fought with one. The only way in which Hercules found it possible to finish the battle, was by lifting Antæus off his feet into the air, and squeezing, and squeezing, and squeezing him, until, finally, the strength was quite squeezed out of his enormous body.

When this affair was finished, Hercules continued his travels, and went to the land of Egypt, where he was taken prisoner, and would have been put to death, if he had not slain the king of that country, and made his escape. Passing through the deserts of Africa, and going as fast as he could, he arrived at last on the shore of the great ocean. And here, unless he could walk on the crests of the billows, it seemed as if his journey must needs be at an end.

Nothing was before him, save the foaming, dashing, measureless ocean. But, suddenly, as he looked towards the horizon, he saw something, a great way off, which he had not seen the moment before. It gleamed very brightly, almost as you may have beheld the round, golden disk of the sun, when it rises or sets over the edge of the world. It evidently drew nearer; for, at every instant, this wonderful object became larger and more lustrous. At length, it had come so nigh that Hercules discovered it to be an immense cup or bowl, made either of gold or burnished brass. How it had got afloat upon the sea is more than I can tell you. There it was, at all events, rolling on the tumultuous billows, which tossed it up and down, and heaved their foamy tops against its

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sides, but without ever throwing their spray over the brim.

"I have seen many giants, in my time," thought Hercules, "but never one that would need to drink his wine out of a cup like this!"

And, true enough, what a cup it must have been! It was as large—as large—but, in short, I am afraid to say how immensely large it was. To speak within bounds, it was ten times larger than a great mill-wheel; and, all of metal as it was, it floated over the heaving surges more lightly than an acorn-cup adown the brook. The waves tumbled it onward until it grazed against the shore, within a short distance of the spot where Hercules was standing.

As soon as this happened, he knew what was to be done; for he had not gone through so many remarkable adventures without learning pretty well how to conduct himself, whenever anything came to pass a little out of the common rule. It was just as clear as daylight that this marvelous cup had been set adrift by some unseen power, and guided hitherward, in order to carry Hercules across the sea, on his way to the garden of the Hesperides.

Accordingly, without a moment's delay, he clambered over the brim, and slid down on the inside, where, spreading out his lion's skin, he proceeded to take a little repose. He had scarcely rested, until now, since he bade farewell to the damsels on the margin of the river. The waves dashed, with a pleasant and ringing sound, against the circumference of the hollow cup; it rocked lightly to and fro, and the motion was so sooth-

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ing that it speedily rocked Hercules into an agreeable slumber.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (*Slightly abridged*).

riven: torn.—**Antæus**: ăn-tē'ŭs.—**circum'ference**: the outside surface of a sphere, or the line that bounds a circular figure.

HERCULES AND ATLAS

His nap had probably lasted a good while, when the cup chanced to graze against a rock, and, in consequence, immediately resounded and reverberated through its golden or brazen substance, a hundred times as loudly as ever you heard a church-bell. The noise awoke Hercules, who instantly started up and gazed around him, wondering whereabouts he was. He was not long in discovering that the cup had floated across a great part of the sea, and was approaching the shore of what seemed to be an island. And, on that island, what do you think he saw?

No; you will never guess it, not if you were to try fifty thousand times! It positively appears to me that this was the most marvelous spectacle that had ever been seen by Hercules, in the whole course of his wonderful travels and adventures. It was a greater marvel than the hydra with nine heads, which kept growing twice as fast as they were cut off; greater than the six-legged man-monster; greater than Antæus; greater than anything that was ever beheld by anybody, before or since the days of Hercules, or than anything that remains to be beheld, by travelers in all time to come. It was a giant!

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But such an intolerably big giant! A giant as tall as a mountain; so vast a giant, that the clouds rested about his midst, like a girdle, and hung like a hoary beard from his chin, and flitted before his huge eyes, so that he could neither see Hercules nor the golden cup in which he was voyaging. And, most wonderful of all, the giant held up his great hands and appeared to support the sky, which, so far as Hercules could discern through the clouds, was resting upon his head! This does really seem almost too much to believe.

Meanwhile, the bright cup continued to float onward, and finally touched the strand. Just then a breeze wafted away the clouds from before the giant's visage, and Hercules beheld it, with all its enormous features; eyes each of them as big as yonder lake, a nose a mile long, and a mouth of the same width. It was a countenance terrible from its enormity of size, but disconsolate and weary, even as you may see the faces of many people, nowadays, who are compelled to sustain burdens above their strength. What the sky was to the giant, such are the cares of earth to those who let themselves be weighted down by them. And whenever men undertake what is beyond the just measure of their abilities, they encounter precisely such a doom as had befallen this poor giant.

Poor fellow! He had evidently stood there a long while. An ancient forest had been growing and decaying around his feet; and oak trees, of six or seven centuries old, had sprung from the acorn, and forced themselves between his toes.

The giant now looked down from the far height of

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his great eyes, and, perceiving Hercules, roared out, in a voice that resembled thunder, proceeding out of the cloud that had just flitted away from his face.

"Who are you, down at my feet there? And whence do you come, in that little cup?"

"I am Hercules!" thundered back the hero, in a voice pretty nearly or quite as loud as the giant's own. "And I am seeking for the garden of the Hesperides!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared the giant, in a fit of immense laughter. "That is a wise adventure, truly!"

"And why not?" cried Hercules, getting a little angry at the giant's mirth. "Do you think I am afraid of the dragon with a hundred heads!"

Just at this time, while they were talking together, some black clouds gathered about the giant's middle, and burst into a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, causing such a pother that Hercules found it impossible to distinguish a word. Only the giant's immeasurable legs were to be seen, standing up into the obscurity of the tempest; and, now and then, a momentary glimpse of his whole figure, mantled in a volume of mist. He seemed to be speaking, most of the time; but his big, rough voice chimed in with the reverberations of the thunder-claps, and rolled away over the hills, like them. Thus, by talking out of season, the foolish giant expended a great quantity of breath, to no purpose; for the thunder spoke quite as intelligibly as he.

At last, the storm swept over, as suddenly as it had come. And there again was the clear sky, and the weary giant holding it up, and the pleasant sunshine

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beaming over his vast height, and illuminating it against the background of the sullen thunder-clouds. So far above the shower had been his head, that not a hair of it was moistened by the rain-drops!

When the giant could see Hercules still standing on the sea-shore, he roared out to him anew:

"I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world! And I hold the sky upon my head!"

"So I see," answered Hercules. "But, can you show me the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

"What do you want there?" asked the giant.

"I want three of the golden apples," shouted Hercules, "for my cousin, the king."

"There is nobody but myself," quoth the giant, "that can go to the garden of the Hesperides, and gather the golden apples. If it were not for this little business of holding up the sky, I would make half a dozen steps across the sea, and get them for you."

"You are very kind," replied Hercules. "And cannot you rest the sky upon a mountain?"

"None of them are quite high enough," said Atlas, shaking his head. "But, if you were to take your stand on the summit of that nearest one, your head would be pretty nearly on a level with mine. You seem to be a fellow of some strength. What if you should take my burden on your shoulders, while I do your errand for you?"

Hercules, as you must be careful to remember, was a remarkably strong man; and though it certainly requires a great deal of muscular power to uphold the sky, yet, if any mortal could be supposed capable of

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such an exploit, he was the one. Nevertheless, it seemed so difficult an undertaking, that, for the first time in his life, he hesitated.

"Is the sky very heavy?" he inquired.

"Why not particularly so, at first," answered the giant, shrugging his shoulders. "But it gets to be a little burdensome, after a thousand years!"

"And how long a time," asked the hero, "will it take you to get the golden apples?"

"Oh, that will be done in a few moments," cried Atlas. "I shall take ten or fifteen miles at a stride, and be at the garden and back again before your shoulders begin to ache."

"Well, then," answered Hercules, "I will climb the mountain behind you there, and relieve you of your burden."

The truth is, Hercules had a kind heart of his own, and considered that he should be doing the giant a favor, by allowing him this opportunity for a ramble. And, besides, he thought that it would be still more for his own glory, if he could boast of upholding the sky, than merely to do so ordinary a thing as to conquer a dragon with a hundred heads. Accordingly, without more words, the sky was shifted from the shoulders of Atlas, and placed upon those of Hercules.

When this was safely accomplished, the first thing that the giant did was to stretch himself; and you may imagine what a spectacle he was then. Next, he slowly lifted one of his feet out of the forest that had grown up around it; then, the other. Then, all at once, he began to caper, and leap, and dance, for joy at his

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freedom; flinging himself nobody knows how high into the air, and floundering down again with a shock that made the earth tremble. Then he laughed—Ho! ho! ho!—with a thunderous roar that was echoed from the mountains, far and near, as if they and the giant had been so many rejoicing brothers. When his joy had a little subsided, he stepped into the sea; ten miles at the first stride, which brought him midleg deep; and ten miles at the second, when the water came just above his knees; and ten miles more at the third, by which he was immersed nearly to his waist. This was the greatest depth of the sea.

Hercules watched the giant, as he still went onward; for it was really a wonderful sight, this immense human form, more than thirty miles off, half hidden in the ocean, but with his upper half as tall, and misty, and blue, as a distant mountain. At last the gigantic shape faded entirely out of view. And now Hercules began to consider what he should do, in case Atlas should be drowned in the sea, or if he were to be stung to death by the dragon with the hundred heads, which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides. If any such misfortune were to happen, how could he ever get rid of the sky? And, by and by, its weight began already to be a little irksome to his head and shoulders.

"I really pity the poor giant," thought Hercules. "If it wearies me so much in ten minutes, how must it have wearied him in a thousand years!"

I know not how long it was before, to his unspeakable joy, he beheld the huge shape of the giant, like

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a cloud, on the far-off edge of the sea. At his nearer approach, Atlas held up his hand, in which Hercules could perceive three magnificent golden apples, as big as pumpkins, all hanging from one branch.

"I am glad to see you again," shouted Hercules, when the giant was within hearing. "So you have got the golden apples?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Atlas; "and very fair apples they are. I took the finest that grew on the tree, I assure you. Ah! it is a beautiful spot, that garden of the Hesperides. Yes; and the dragon with a hundred heads is a sight worth any man's seeing. After all, you had better have gone for the apples yourself."

"No matter," replied Hercules. "You have had a pleasant ramble, and have done the business as well as I could. I heartily thank you for your trouble. And now, as I have a long way to go, and am rather in haste,—and as the king, my cousin, is anxious to receive the golden apples,—will you be kind enough to take the sky off my shoulders again?"

"Why, as to that," said the giant, chucking the golden apples into the air twenty miles high, or thereabouts, and catching them as they came down,—"as to that, my good friend, I consider you a little unreasonable. Cannot I carry the golden apples to the king, your cousin, much quicker than you could? As his majesty is in such a hurry to get them, I promise you to take my longest strides. And, besides, I have no fancy for burdening myself with the sky, just now."

Here Hercules grew impatient, and gave a great

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shrug of his shoulders. It being now twilight, you might have seen two or three stars tumble out of their places. Everybody on earth looked upward in affright, thinking that the sky might be going to fall next.

"Oh, that will never do!" cried Giant Atlas, with a great roar of laughter. "I have not let fall so many stars within the last five centuries. By the time you have stood there as long as I did, you will begin to learn patience!"

"What!" shouted Hercules, very wrathfully, "do you intend to make me bear this burden forever?"

"We will see about that, one of these days," answered the giant. "At all events, you ought not to complain, if you have to bear it the next hundred years, or perhaps the next thousand. I bore it a good while longer, in spite of the backache. Well, then, after a thousand years, if I happen to feel in the mood, we may possibly shift about again. You are certainly a very strong man, and can never have a better opportunity to prove it. Posterity will talk of you, I warrant it!"

"Pish! a fig for its talk!" cried Hercules, with another hitch of his shoulders. "Just take the sky upon your head one instant, will you? I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin, for the weight to rest upon. It really chafes me, and will cause unnecessary inconvenience in so many centuries as I am to stand here."

"That's no more than fair, and I'll do it!" quoth the giant; for he had no unkind feeling towards Hercules, and was merely acting with a too selfish con-

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sideration of his own ease. "For just five minutes, then, I'll take back the sky. Only for five minutes, recollect! I have no idea of spending another thousand years as I spent the last. Variety is the spice of life, say I."

Ah, the thick-witted old rogue of a giant! He threw down the golden apples, and received back the sky, from the head and shoulders of Hercules, upon his own, where it rightly belonged. And Hercules picked up the three golden apples, that were as big or bigger than pumpkins, and straightway set out on his journey homeward, without paying the slightest heed to the thundering tones of the giant, who bellowed after him to come back. Another forest sprang up around his feet, and grew ancient there; and again might be seen oak-trees, of six or seven centuries old, that had waxed thus aged betwixt his enormous toes.

And there stands the giant to this day; or, at any rate, there stands a mountain as tall as he, which bears his name; and when the thunder rumbles about its summit, we may imagine it to be the voice of the Giant Atlas, bellowing after Hercules!

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (*Slightly abridged*).

pother: bustle, stir.—**poster'ity**: future generations.

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THE YELLOW VIOLET

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

—William Cullen Bryant.

beechen: beech.

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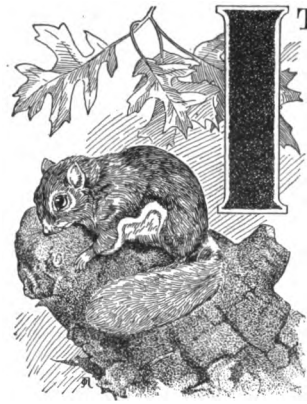
FLYING SQUIRRELS



IT might very naturally be supposed that the habits of so curious and remarkable an animal as the flying squirrel would have received more than usual attention, yet, in spite of its abundance and familiarity, there would seem to be less known concerning its ways and manner of getting a living than concerning those of almost any of our wild animals, and for my own part I am almost beginning to despair of ever finding out anything more on the subject.

From what little I have seen, I should class them as creatures of singularly erratic habits, sometimes dwelling alone in hollow stumps close to the ground, or else high up in some deserted crow's nest, and again gathering in communities of twenty or thirty in the hollow trunk of a decaying sapling only a few inches in diameter and scarcely large enough to accommodate them. Farther south we frequently hear of their taking up their quarters in the walls of a farmhouse, after the manner of mice, but no instance of the sort has ever come under my immediate notice, nor can I now recall ever having read of anything of the kind taking place in this part of the country.

Here they appear to keep themselves in the thickest parts of the woods, and I have found them most

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abundant in places removed at least a mile from any dwelling. My father has told me that thirty or forty years ago a colony of them inhabited a hollow linden, one of a scattered group of a half dozen trees standing in the open pasture several hundred yards from any woods. The old tree is still standing, but, as far as I know, it has not harbored a flying squirrel for at least a dozen years.

The last opportunity I had for observing flying squirrels occurred five or six years since. As I was tramping through some high, rocky woods, I noticed what looked like a newly made woodpecker's hole near the top of a small dead ash, and attempted to climb to it. The tree proved to be pretty thoroughly rotten, and swayed about a good deal with my movements. By the time I was half-way to the top, a little round head was poked out of a hole above me, and soon after a flying squirrel emerged and scrambled round to the other side. He was followed by another, and this one by still another, until half a dozen or more had made their appearance and clung motionless about the loose bark, none of them apparently looking at me, but straight before him in whatever direction he happened to be facing, as if his thoughts were of other things.

One that was almost within reach of my hand seemed to be quite blind, for the center of each eye showed a perfectly opaque white spot like the eye of a blind horse. But he appeared as well able to take care of himself as were any of the others, although, if I remember rightly, he refused to leave the tree and finally crept back into the hole from which he had emerged.

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The others sailed off one by one to the other trees or to the ground, along which they ran like chipmunks.

All the flying squirrels I have ever seen under like conditions have behaved in this manner, apparently acting wholly upon instinct and without displaying the slightest symptom of intelligence; but for all that, there are no more attractive or winning creatures in the woods. They never exhibit any marked symptoms of fear, but just cuddle up on a knot or projecting piece of bark only a few feet away, looking as if they would like nothing better than to be taken in hand and petted.

I remember hearing my grandmother tell how one winter evening she was sitting before the fire, when my grandfather came home from the woods and taking off his coat threw it across a chair near the fireplace. Presently a flying squirrel crawled out of one of the pockets, sailed across the room to where she sat, and nestled contentedly in her hair, which she wore in a great fluffy mass piled high above her head. I cannot recall the sequel of the story, which was undoubtedly interesting, at all events to those chiefly concerned in it.

No one ever knew exactly how the squirrel came to be in the coat, but it was supposed that a family of them must have been disturbed by the choppers in the wood-lot and that this one had taken refuge in my grandfather's pocket, probably bereft of what little wit it ever had by the noise of chopping and the crash of falling trees, and glad to find any retreat away from so rude a world. Perhaps it was only half awakened from its winter's sleep, and dozed off again as soon as it

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found itself finally established in the depths of the pocket, to be aroused later by the heat of the fire.

I cannot help wondering what finally became of it, and just how much of an impression the adventure made upon its sleepy little brain, or whether it took it all as a matter of course, to be forgotten as soon as it was fairly back in the trees again. Perhaps I have run across some of its descendants in the woods or caught them in box-traps without suspecting that their ancestor and mine had once been on such very intimate terms.

I have never at any time seen a flying squirrel abroad in the day-time of its own free-will, even in the darkest weather, and should not hesitate to class it as wholly nocturnal in its habits, although, when routed out in the daylight and compelled to fly, it seems able to distinguish clearly objects several rods away. Its eyes are unusually large and prominent and perfectly black, and its fur is of much the same quality as chinchilla, and of even softer tints. The flying membrane consists of a thin strip of skin stretched between the fore and hind legs and furred above and below. A slight cartilaginous support runs back from the wrist, assisting to extend the membrane when the fore legs

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are spread apart as in flying. The tail probably serves both as parachute and rudder, since it is thin and flat but of such a close, silky texture as to catch the wind.

I am not even sure just what the track of flying squirrels looks like, though I frequently run across a track which I suppose to belong to them, as I know of no other animal that could very well make it. But if it really is a flying squirrel track, then they are in the habit of being out on the snow in mid-winter much more frequently than is generally supposed, for I as often find them freshly made after a long spell of zero weather as during a thaw.

This track may be best described as in size and appearance intermediate between that of the red squirrel and white-footed mouse, occasionally showing the footprints spread well apart laterally, as might be expected of a flying squirrel. The creature that makes them, whatever it is, appears to ramble about the woods and swamps pretty much at random, climbing low bushes here and there for seeds or frozen berries of one kind and another, which are generally eaten as soon as they are gathered. But if these really are flying squirrel tracks, then in one way they indicate a certain degree of intelligence which I had hardly supposed them to possess, for they never lead me directly to the home tree, but usually terminate at the foot of some tree or sapling quite devoid of any cavity or nest.

I should imagine that from their nocturnal habits these squirrels would fall frequent victims to the different kinds of owls, although I cannot recall ever having found any evidence of this having been the case,

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either about the nests or in the stomachs of such owls as I have examined. But in all probability they are frequently snapped up by them, as well as by foxes, weasels, and the like.

Oddly enough, one rather frequent cause of their destruction is the barbed-wire fence, the sharp points of which catch the loose skin of their parachute as they sail along. In their struggles to free themselves, the unfortunate squirrels simply twist themselves up tighter and tighter, and in all probability die from suffocation. I have found four or five of these unhappy victims suspended in this way, and I have no doubt from their positions that they perished in the manner described. I have also seen a fox, a skunk, and several cats caught on wire fences in the same way. The fox was undoubtedly caught while attempting to jump through, but the others may possibly have been shot and hung there by their destroyers.

The color of the flying squirrel is a pale blue-gray, more or less washed at the surface with buff or fawn color, or clouded with a darkish color. From what little I have been able to gather, I should say that the fawn color is most in evidence in southern specimens, which also appear to be the smallest, while the northern ones, those taken here in New Hampshire, for example, are larger and darker than the type, as if approaching the Canadian form, which in turn approaches more nearly to the European species; as if, as is believed to have been the case with so many of our wild animals, the first pioneers came across from Asia by way of Bering Strait to spread southward and eastward through the

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Canadian woods, southward along the mountain regions, and at last down across the United States; while another branch pushed westward along the northern border of the European forests across Siberia and northern Russia to Finland and Poland, but apparently without penetrating southward anywhere as they have in this country.

It is now several years since I have seen a live flying squirrel, though there is no reason to suppose that they are any less abundant than formerly. I have rapped on hollow trees and pried into decaying logs and stumps on every occasion without discovering the sleepy little chaps I was seeking.

I remember once climbing to a crow's nest in a tall pine while the old birds wheeled and scolded overhead. When rather more than half-way up to the top, I reached the place that I had seen from the ground, but was disappointed to find only a last year's nest heaped up with dry leaves and pine-needles in such a way as to show that it had already been appropriated by squirrels. On investigation, I found, instead of red squirrels as I had expected, four or five little flying squirrels about half-grown. I saw them for only a few seconds at most, as they scrambled away in all directions and disappeared completely. But in those few seconds I became aware that young flying squirrels are the most delightful things in existence.

—William Everett Cram.

errat'ic: changeable, irregular.—**opaque** (ō-pāk'): not transparent.—**noctur'nal**: of the night; said of birds, animals, etc., that have the habit of seeking food or moving about during the night.—**cartilag'inous**: gristly.—**lat'erally**: sidewise.—**cre'dence**: belief.

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A DAY AT DOTHEBOYS HALL

After some half-hour's delay Mr. Squeers appeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity the average might be about one to eight learners. A few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound, as if he had a perfect apprehension of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

Obedient to this summons, there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk half-a-dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

"This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"

"Please, sir, he's cleaning the back-parlor window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of the book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?"

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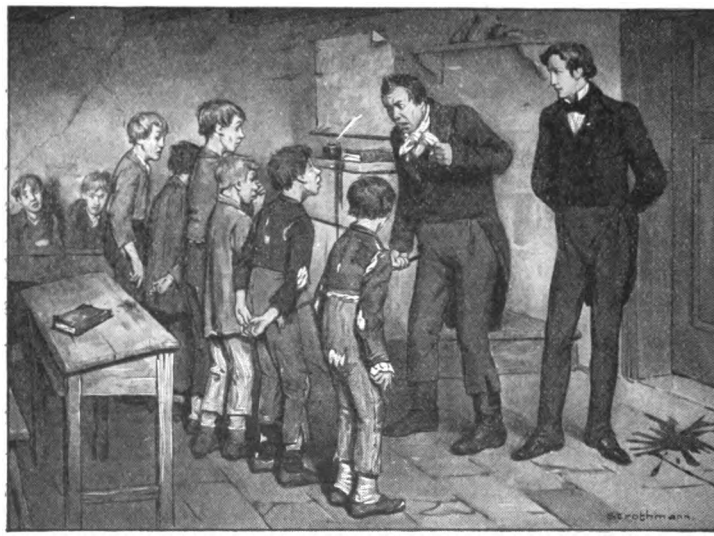

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby: what do you think of it?"

"It's a very *useful* one, at any rate," answered Nicholas.

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

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"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there isn't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where, indeed?" said Nicholas abstractedly.

"As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after *my* horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing-day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

So saying, he dismissed the first class to their experiments in practical philosophy, and eyed Nicholas with a look, half cunning and half doubtful, as if he were not altogether certain what he might think of him by this time.

"That's the way we do it, Nickleby," he said after a pause.

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders in a manner that was scarcely perceptible, and said he saw it was.

"And a very good way it is, too," said Squeers. "Now, just take them fourteen little boys, and hear them some reading, because, you know, you must begin to be useful. Idling about here won't do."

Mr. Squeers said this as if it had suddenly occurred to him, either that he must not say too much to his assistant, or that his assistant did not say enough to him in praise of the establishment. The children were arranged in a semicircle round the new master, and

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he was soon listening to their dull, drawling, hesitating recital of those stories of engrossing interest which are to be found in the more antiquated spelling-books.

In this exciting occupation the morning lagged heavily on. At one o'clock, the boys, having previously had their appetites thoroughly taken away by stir-about and potatoes, sat down in the kitchen to some hard salt beef, of which Nicholas was graciously permitted to take his portion to his own solitary desk, to eat it there in peace. After this there was another hour of crouching in the schoolroom and shivering with cold, and then school began again.

It was Mr. Squeers' custom to call the boys together, and make a sort of report, after every half-yearly visit to the metropolis, regarding the relations and friends he had seen, the news he had heard, the letters he had brought down, the bills which had been paid, the accounts which had been left unpaid, and so forth. This solemn proceeding always took place in the afternoon of the day succeeding his return; perhaps because the boys acquired strength of mind from the suspense of the morning, or, possibly because Mr. Squeers himself acquired greater sternness and inflexibility from certain warm potations in which he was wont to indulge after his early dinner. Be this as it may, the boys were recalled from house, window, garden, stable, and cow-yard, and the whole school was assembled, when Mr. Squeers, with a small bundle of papers in his hand, and Mrs. S. following with a pair of canes, entered the room and proclaimed silence.

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"Let any boy speak a word without leave," said Mr. Squeers mildly, "and I'll take the skin off his back."

This special proclamation had the desired effect, and a death-like silence immediately prevailed, in the midst of which Mr. Squeers went on to say:

"Boys, I've been to London, and have returned to my family and you, as strong and well as ever."

According to half-yearly custom, the boys gave three feeble cheers at this refreshing intelligence. Such cheers! Sighs of extra strength with the chill on.

"I have seen the parents of some boys," continued Squeers, turning over his papers, "and they're so glad to hear how their sons are getting on, that there's no prospect at all of their going away, which of course is a very pleasant thing to reflect upon for all parties."

Two or three hands went to two or three eyes when Squeers said this, but the greater part of the young gentlemen, having no particular parents to speak of, were wholly uninterested in the thing one way or the other.

"I have had disappointments to contend against," said Squeers, looking very grim; "Bolder's father was two pound ten short. Where is Bolder?"

"Here he is, please, sir," rejoined twenty officious voices. Boys are very like men to be sure.

"Come here, Bolder," said Squeers.

An unhealthy-looking boy, with warts all over his hands, stepped from his place to the master's desk, and raised his eyes imploringly to Squeers' face;

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his own, quite white from the rapid beating of his heart.

"Bolder!" said Squeers, speaking very slowly, for he was considering, as the saying goes, where to have him. "Bolder, if your father thinks that because—Why, what's this, sir?"

As Squeers spoke, he caught up the boy's hand by the cuff of his jacket, and surveyed it with an edifying aspect of horror and disgust.

"What do you call this, sir?" demanded the schoolmaster, administering a cut with the cane to expedite the reply.

"I can't help it, indeed, sir," rejoined the boy, crying. "They will come; it's the dirty work I think, sir—at least, I don't know what it is, sir, but it's not my fault."

"Bolder," said Squeers, tucking up his wristbands, and moistening the palm of his right hand to get a good grip of the cane, "you're an incorrigible young scoundrel, and, as the last thrashing did you no good, we must see what another will do towards beating it out of you."

With this, and wholly disregarding a piteous cry for mercy, Mr. Squeers fell upon the boy, and caned him soundly: not leaving off, indeed, until his arm was tired out.

"There," said Squeers when he had quite done; "rub away as hard as you like, you won't rub that off in a hurry. Oh! you won't hold that noise, won't you? Put him out, Smike."

The drudge knew better, from long experience,

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than to hesitate about obeying, so he bundled the victim out by a side-door, and Mr. Squeers perched himself again on his own stool, supported by Mrs. Squeers, who occupied another at his side.

"Now let us see," said Squeers. "A letter for Cobbey. Stand up, Cobbey."

Another boy stood up, and eyed the letter very hard while Squeers made a mental abstract of the same.

"Oh!" said Squeers: "Cobbey's grandmother is dead, and his Uncle John has took to drinking, which is all the news his sister sends, except eighteenpence, which will just pay for that broken square of glass. Mrs. Squeers, my dear, will you take the money?"

The worthy lady pocketed the eighteenpence with a most business-like air, and Squeers passed on to the next boy as coolly as possible.

"Graymarsh," said Squeers, "he's the next. Stand up, Graymarsh."

Another boy stood up, and the schoolmaster looked over the letter as before.

"Graymarsh's maternal aunt," said Squeers when he had possessed himself of the contents, "is very glad to hear he's so well and happy, and sends her respectful compliments to Mrs. Squeers, and thinks she must be an angel. She likewise thinks Mr. Squeers is too good for this world; but hopes he may long be spared to carry on the business. Would have sent the two pair of stockings as desired, but is short of money, so forwards a tract instead, and hopes Graymarsh will put his trust in Providence. Hopes, above all, that

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he will study in everything to please Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, and look upon them as his only friends; and that he will love Master Squeers; and not object to sleeping five in a bed, which no Christian should. Ah!" said Squeers, folding it up, "a delightful letter. Very affecting indeed."

"Mobbs' mother-in-law," said Squeers, "took to her bed on hearing that he wouldn't eat fat, and has been very ill ever since. She wishes to know, by an early post, where he expects to go to if he quarrels with his vittles; and with what feelings he could turn up his nose at the cow's liver broth, after his good master had asked a blessing on it. This was told her in the London newspapers—not by Mr. Squeers, for he is too kind and too good to set anybody against anybody—and it has vexed her so much, Mobbs can't think. She is sorry to find he is discontented, which is sinful and horrid, and hopes Mr. Squeers will flog him into a happier state of mind; with which view she has also stopped his halfpenny a week pocket money, and gives a double-bladed knife with a cork-screw in it to the Missionaries, which she had bought on purpose for him."

"A sulky state of feeling," said Squeers after a terrible pause, during which he had moistened the palm of his right hand again, "won't do. Cheerfulness and contentment must be kept up. Mobbs, come to me!"

Mobbs moved slowly towards the desk, rubbing his eyes in anticipation of good cause for doing so; and he soon afterwards retired by the side-door, with as good cause as a boy need have.

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Mr. Squeers then proceeded to open a miscellaneous collection of letters; some enclosing money, which Mrs. Squeers "took care of"; and others referring to small articles of apparel, as caps and so forth, all of which the same lady stated to be too large, or too small, and calculated for nobody but young Squeers, who would appear, indeed, to have had most accommodating limbs, since everything that came into the school fitted him to a nicety. His head, in particular, must have been singularly elastic, for hats and caps of all dimensions were alike to him.

This business dispatched, a few slovenly lessons were performed, and Squeers retired to his fireside, leaving Nicholas to take care of the boys in the schoolroom, which was very cold, and where a meal of bread and cheese was served out shortly after dark.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

commod'ity: that which affords convenience.—**apprehen'sion**: the act of grasping with the intellect.—**philos'ophy**: search after, or knowledge of, the truth.—**usher**: an assistant teacher in a school.—**quad'ruped**: an animal having four feet.—**engrōss'ing**: absorbing.—**stirabout**: a dish formed of oatmeal boiled in water and frequently stirred.—**pota'tions**: drinkings.—**two pound ten**: that is, two pounds and ten shillings—about twelve dollars.—**ex'pedite**: hasten.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;

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But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking;
* * * * * *
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.
An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap

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At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

* * * * * *

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!

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And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."

* * * * * *

"If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.

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From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they following dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!

* * * * * *

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation, too.

* * * * * *

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

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The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,

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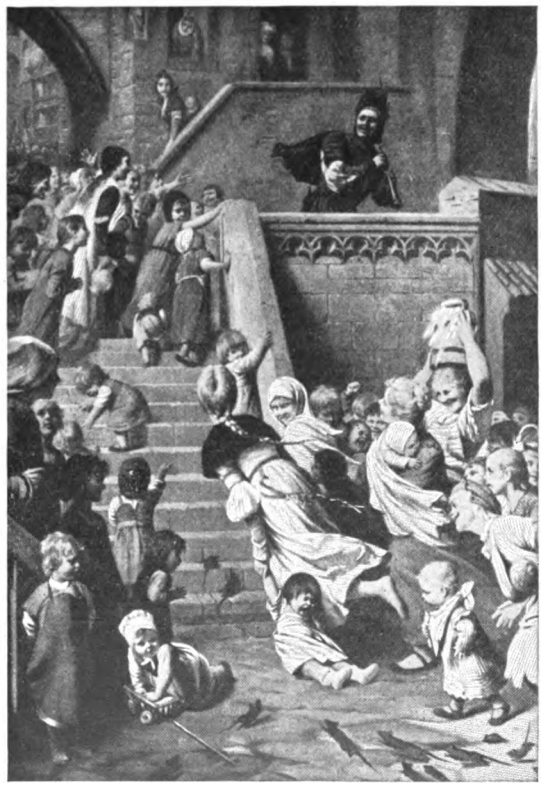

Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

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The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

* * * * * *

When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle's wings:

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And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

* * * * * *

The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

* * * * * *

—Robert Browning (*Abridged*).

ver'min: injurious little animals or insects.—**guil'der**: a Dutch silver coin worth about forty cents.—**paunch**: stomach.—**mu'tinous**: rebellious.—**adept'**: one fully skilled.—**poke**: bag or pocket.—**Bagdat**: usually *Bagdad*, a city in Asiatic Turkey, many years ago the center of Arabic learning and civilization.—**caliph** (kā' lĭf): title of the ruler of the Mohammedans.—**bate**: allow a reduction.—**stiver**: a Dutch coin worth about two cents.—**rib'ald**: low or base.—**pie'bald**: mottled, having spots of various colors.

RIP VAN WINKLE

Part I

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up

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to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but, sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van

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Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity, for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual, with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with

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impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long

and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through wood and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less oblig-

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ing husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in per-

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fect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only

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edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned, little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon the public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything

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that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs, but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest

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parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up

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his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain

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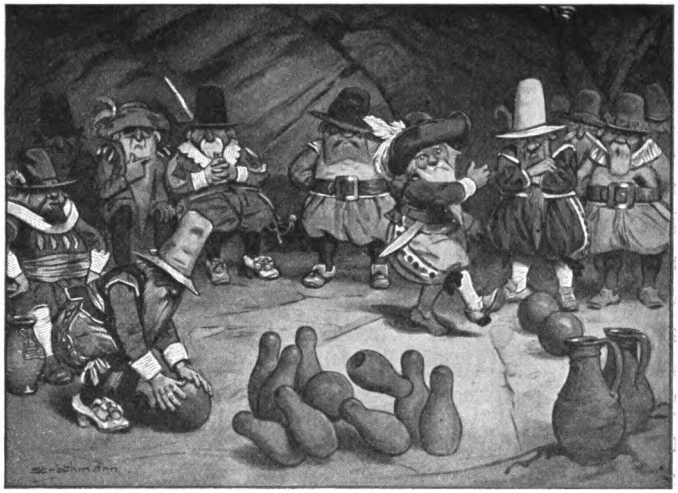

heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up the wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins,

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with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large

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flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Holland. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

Kaatskill: now spelled Catskill.—**obse'quious**: yielding to the desires of another.—**concil'iating**: making friendly.—**mal'leable**: capable of being shaped.—**curtain lecture**: a quarrelsome lecture given by a wife to a husband within the bed curtains, or in bed.—**ter'magant**: quarrelsome.—**insu'perable**: unconquerable.—**assidu'ity**: constant attention.—**patrimo'nial**: inherited from ancestors.—**galligas'kins**: loose breeches.—**ru'bicund**: ruddy, red.—**jun'to**: a secret counsel to discuss political affairs.—**vira'go**: a bold, quarrelsome woman.—**recip'rocated**: given in return.—**apprehen'sion**: alarm.—**amphithe'ater**: an oval or circular building with rising rows of seats; or, anything resembling it in form, such as a level surrounded by rising slopes.—**hanger**: a short sword.—**reit'erated**: repeated.

RIP VAN WINKLE

Part II

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes,

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and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain

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stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered his rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too,

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was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that

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looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in good order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath, was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

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There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself be-

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fore Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly as-

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sured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand; war—congress—Stony Point; —he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

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Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

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"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice.

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure, enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as but one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field,

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screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-Moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished home and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his

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back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicler of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty, George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was —petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his

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head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

roysters: same as *roisterers*, blustering fellows.—**connu'bial**: pertaining to marriage.—**metamor'phosed**: transformed.—**phlegm** (flĕm): dullness.—**haranguing** (hȧ-răng' ĭng): speaking noisily or disputatiously.—**corrob'orated**: strengthened.—**vigil**: watch.—**evinced**: showed.—**patriarchs**: old men.—**cro'nies**: intimate companions.—**torpor**: inactivity.

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VOCABULARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

The following guide to pronunciation is based upon that given in Webster's International Dictionary. Silent letters are shown by italics.

ā as in lāte
ȧ " " delicȧte
â " " câre
ă " " făt
ä " " fär
ȧ " " ȧsk
ą " " fall
ạ " " whạt
ē " " ēve
ė " " ėvent
ê " " thêre
ĕ as in ĕnd
ē " " fērn
ēe " " fēet
ī " " tīme
i " " idea
ĭ " " pĭn
ī " " sīr
ĭ " " machĭne
ō " " tōld
ȯ " " ȯbey
ô as in lôrd
ŏ " " nŏt
ọ " " mọve
o͞o " " fo͞od
o͝o " " fo͝ot
ū " " ūse
u " " unite
ụ " " rụde
ụ " " fụll
ŭ " " cŭp
û " " tûrn
ÿ as in flȳ
ў " " citў
oi " " toil
oy " " boy
ou " " out

c as in can
ç " " çent
ch " " chair
eh " " ehorus
g " " go
ġ(=j) " " aġe
n̰ (=ng) " " iṇk
N, the "French" n, representing simply the nasal tone of the preceding vowel.
ph as in Philadelphia
s " " sing
ş " " has
th as in thing
th " " then
wh (=hw) " " when
x " " vex
x̱ (= gz) " " exact
tion = shun
sion = shun
şion = zhun

The words in the following list include all the more difficult words in the lessons of this book, excepting those which may have been listed in the preceding books of the series.

ăb hŏr′ rence
ăc′ cū rą çў
ăc′ rŏ băts
ăc tū ăl′ ĭ tў
ą dĕpt′
ăf front′
(ŭ)
ăg grĭēved′
ą ghąst′
ą lăc′ rĭ tў
Ăl ġĭĕrş′
ăl tĕr′ ną tĭve
ăm phĭ thē′ ą tĕr
ăn tăg′ ŏ nĭst
ăn′ tĭ dōte
ăn′ tĭ quā tĕd
(kw)
ăp păr′ ĕled
ăp pâr′ ent
ăp prĕ hĕn′ sion
ăp prŏ bā′ tion
ăr′ rŏ gant lў
ăs sĭ dū′ ĭ tў
ăt′ mŏs phēre
ąu dăç′ ĭ tў
ąu′ rĕ ōle
ąus tēre′

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au thôr′ ĭ tȳ
á vĕr′ sion

bā′ bĕl
bär′ ná c′leş
bĕn ĕ făc′ tion
bĕ rĕft′
blā′ zoned
bûr′ ġĕss
Bûr goyne′

Că lā*is*′
căl cŭ lā′ tionş
cā′ lĭph
căn non ād*e*′
(ŭ)
cär′ bŏn ā tĕd
cär′ nāġe
cär tĭ lăġ′ ĭ noŭs
căs′ ŭ *al*
(cazh′)
çĕ rŭ′ lĕ *an*
Çĕ*y* lŏn′
chĭv′ *al* roŭs
(sh)
chŏl′ ĕr á
Çĭn′ gá lēşe
çĭr cŭm′ fĕr *en*çe
clăr′ ĭ on
(ŭ)
cō′ brá
Cŏ lŏm′ bŏ
cŏm mĕm′ ŏ rā tĕd
cŏm mŏd′ ĭ tȳ
cŏm mū′ nĭ tȳ
cŏn çĭl′ ĭ āt ĭng
con′ jŭr ĕr
(ŭ)
cŏn nū′ bĭ *al*

cŏn sĕrv′ á tĭveş
cŏn sŏl′ á tŏ rȳ
cŏn spĭr′ á torş
(ĕ)
cŏn stĕr nā′ tion
cŏn tĕm plā′ tion
cŏn tĕm′ pŏ rā rĭeş
cŏr rŏb′ ŏ rā tĕd
cou′ rĭ ĕr
(o͞o)
cō*urt*′ lȳ
cŏx′ swāĭn
coy′ ō tĕ
(kĭ)
crē′ dençe
crĭt′ ĭ çĭşed
cŭr mŭ*dġ*′ eon
(ŭn)
cŭs′ tŏ dy

dăs′ tard
(ĕ)
dĕd ĭ cā′ tion
deign′ ĭng
(dān)
dĕ mē*an*′ or
(ĕr)
dĕ pĭct′ *ed*
dĕ prīv′ ĭng
dĕ scrȳ′
dĕ spŏnd′ *en* çȳ
dĕs′ pŏ tĭşm
dĕs′ tĭ tū*te*
dĕ tĕst′ á b′*le*
dĕ tour′
(o͞o)
dĕ vīş′ ĭng
dĕx tĕr′ ĭ tȳ
dĭ′ á lĕct
dĭ ăm′ ĕ tĕr

dĭs cŏn çĕrt′ ĭng
dĭs crĕ′ tion
dĭs pŭ tā′ tious
(shŭs)
dȳ′ nastȳ

ĕd′ ĭ fȳ ĭng
*e*ī′ dĕr
ĕ jăc′ ŭ lāt ĕd
ĕm băt′ t′led
ĕm blā′ zon rȳ
ĕm phăt′ ĭc
ĕn clō′ şûre
ĕn grŏss′ ĭng
ĕr răt′ ĭc
ĕs′ tĭ mā tĕd
*E*ŭs′ ton
(ŭ)
ĕ văc′ ŭ ā tĕd
ĕ vĕn′ tŭ *al* lȳ
ĕ vĭnçed′
ĕv ŏ lū′ tionş
ĕx ăs′ pĕr á tĕd
ĕx çĕss′ ĭve
ĕx hĭl′ á rā tĕd
ĕx′ pĕ dĭte
ĕx ploit′
ĕx′ quĭ şĭte
(kw)
ĕx tĭn′ guĭsh eş
(gwĭsh)
ĕx tôr′ tion

făc′ ŭl tĭeş
făs′ çĭ nā tĭng
fá tĭg*ue*′
fĭr′ má ment
flăg′ onş
(ŭ)

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frĭg′ *a*te

găl′ *l*iard
(yĕrd)
găl lĭ găs′ kĭnᵹ
ġĕn′ ŭ ĭne
ġĭ găn′ tĭc
grăph′ ĭc *a*l lў
g*u*ăr ăn tēe′
g*u*ĭl′ dĕrᵹ
ġў̆m nas′ tĭcs

här′ lĕ quĭn
(kĭn)
Hĕr′ cū lēᵹ
Hĕs pĕr′ ĭ dēᵹ
hŏs tĭl′ ĭ tў̆
hў̄′ drȧ

ĭm′ pĕ tŭs
ĭm pū′ nĭ tў̆
ĭn çĕs′ *s*ant lў̆
ĭn cŏn spĭc′ ŭ *o*ŭs
ĭn dĭ vĭd′ ŭ *a*l
ĭn ĕf fĕc′ tŭ *a*l
ĭn ĕrt′
ĭn′ fȧ mo*u*s
ĭn ĭq′ uĭ tĭeᵹ
(ĭk wĭ)
ĭn sā′ tia b′l*e*
(shȧ)
ĭn sĭg′ nĭ ȧ
ĭn stĭ tū′ tion *a*l
ĭn sū′ pĕr ȧ b′l*e*
ĭn tĕg′ rĭ tў̆
ĭn tĭm′ ĭ dāte
ĭn tŏl′ ĕr ȧ b′lў̆
ĭn vā′ rĭ ȧ b′lў̆
ĭn vĕnt′ ĭv*e*
ĭn′ vĕn tŏ rў̆

ĭrk′ som*e*
(ŭ)
jär′ gŏn
jĕop′ ard ў̆
(ē)
Jĕr ē mĭ′ ȧh
jŏ cōse′
jŏc′ ŭnd
jŭn′ tŏ

lȧ bō′ rĭ *o*ŭs
lăt′ ĕr *a*l lў̆
lēag*u*eᵹ
lēash
lĕg′ ȧ çĭeᵹ
l*i*ĕġe
l*i*ĕn
lĭn′ ĕ ȧ ment
l*ie*ŭ tĕn′ *a*nt
lus′ cious
(lŭsh′ ŭs)

măg′ nĭ tūd*e*
măl′ lĕ ȧ b′l*e*
mȧ neu′ vĕr
(o͞o)
mär′ ġĭn
măt′ rĭ mŏ nў̆
mĕr′ çĕ nȧ ry
mĕt ȧ môr′ phōsed
mĕ trŏp′ ŏ lĭs
Mĭ ehĕl ăn′ ġĕ lō
mĭd′ shĭp m*a*n
mĭr′ ȧ c′l*e*
mĭs çĕl lā′ nĕ *o*ŭs
Mō′ ehȧ
mŏn′ go͞ose
mū′ tĭ no*u*s

när′ whȧl

Nĕb ŭ ehăd nĕz′ zär
nŏc tûr′ n*a*l
Nō′ tre Däm*e*
nŭp′ tials
(shalᵹ)

ŏb lĭt′ ĕr ā tĕd
ŏb sē′ quĭ *o*ŭs
(kw)
ŏm′ ĭ no*u*s
ŏ paque′
(pāk)

păl′ pĭ tāt*e*
păr′ ȧ chu̧t*e*
(sh)
păr′ ȧ dŏx
păr ti ăl′ ĭ tў̆
(shĭ)
pas′ sion ăt*e*
(păsh′ ŭn)
pȧ thĕt′ ĭc
pā′ trĭ ăreh
păt rĭ mō′ nĭ *a*l
p*a*unch
pĕn′ sĭv*e*
pĕr ĕn′ nĭ *a*l
pĕr pĕt′ ŭ *a*l
pĕr vĕrse′ nĕs*s*
pĕs′ tĭ l*e*nt
phĭ lŏs′ ŏ phў̆
phlĕ*g*m
pĭc tŭr ĕsq*ue*′
(k)
pĭe′ ba̧ld
pĭed
pĭl′ fēred
piqued
(pēkt)
plăt′ ĭ tūdeᵹ

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pŏs tĕr′ ĭ tў
pŏs′ tūre
pŏ tā′ tionş
pŏth′ ĕr
prē cā′ rĭ oŭs
prē çĭp ĭ tā′ tion
prĕd ē çĕs′ sorş
(ē)
prē fēr′ ment
prē lĭm′ ĭ nă rў
prē′ vĭ oŭs lў
prŏ dĭ′ ġioŭs
prŏ grĕss′ ĭve
prŏv ĭ dĕn′ tial lў
(shal)

quad′ rụ pĕd
(kwŏd)

răp′ tŭr oŭs
răv′ en oŭs lў
rĕc ŏn çĭl ĭ ā′ tion
rĕf ū ġēe′
rē ĭt′ ĕr ā tĕd
rē mŏn′ stran çeş
rē mŏn′ strā tĕd
rĕp′ ēr toire
(twär)
rē sōur′ çeş
rĭb′ ald
Rĭ′ ō
Rō cham beau′
(shŏn bō)
rụ′ bĭ cŭnd

săl ā măn′ dēr
săp′ phīreş
sär′ căsm
scạur
sehĕd′ ūled
scôr′ pĭ onş
(ŭ)
scrụ′ p'leş
sē dāte′
Seine
(sān)
sŏl′ dĭ
spāş mŏd′ ĭc
spēç′ ĭ menş
spĕc tā′ tōrş
(ē)
squal′ ĭd
(skwŏl)
stăm pēd′ ing
stī′ vĕr
strĕn′ ū oŭs
stū′ pĕ fīed
sŭb mā rīne′
sŭb sĭst′ ençe
sŭb stăn′ tial
(shal)
sŭb′ ûrb
sŭl′ phŭr oŭs
sў mp′ tomş
(ŭ)

Tăl′ mŭd
tĕm′ pŏ rā rў
tēr′ mā gant
tēr′ mĭ nāte
thȳme
tŏl′ ĕr ā b'le
trăn′ quĭl
(kw)
trăn′ sient
(shent)
trĭb ū lā′ tion
trī′ col or
(ŭ) (ē)
trĭv′ ĭ al
trō′ phĭeş
tûr quoise′
(koiş)

ū năn′ ĭ moŭs
ŭn couth′
(ōō)
ŭn păr′ al lĕled
ū tĕn′ sĭlş

vā′ grant
văl′ iant
(y)
vĕġ ē tā′ tion
vē′ hē ment lў
vēr′ dĭct
vēr′ mĭn
vĕt′ ēr an
vĕx ā′ tious
(shŭs)
vīçe′ roy
vĭ çĭn′ ĭ tў
vĭ rā′ gŏ
vĭş′ ăġe
vŏ rā′ cious
(shŭs)
vō′ tĭve
vŭl′ nēr ā b'le

wā′ rў
wēa′ şelş

Zē nō′ bĭ ā
zō ō lŏġ′ ĭ cal

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